

A
SIMPLE STORY,

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

BY

MRS. INCHBALD.

VOL. II.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for G. G. and J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1799.

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BY J. W. INGHAM.



LONDON:

JOHN W. PUBLISHERS.

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CHAPTER I.

WHEN Miss Milner arrived at Bath, she thought it the most altered place she had ever seen—she was mistaken—it was herself that was changed.

The walks were melancholy, the company insipid, the ball-room fatiguing—for; she had left behind all that could charm or please her.

Though she found herself much less happy than when she was at Bath before, yet she felt, that she would not, even to enjoy all that past happiness, be again reduced to the being she was at that period.—Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion with the same horror as the libertine looks upon annihilation; the one would rather live hereafter, though in all the tortures described as constituting his future state, than cease to exist; so, there are no tortures which a lover would not suffer, rather than cease to love.

In the wide prospect of sadness before her, Miss Milner's fancy caught hold of the only comfort which presented itself; and this, faint as it was, in the total absence of every other, her imagination painted to her as excessive.

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The comfort was a letter from Miss Woodley—a letter, in which the subject of her love would most assuredly be mentioned, and in whatever terms, it would still be the means of delight.

A letter arrived—she devoured it with her eyes.—The post mark denoting from whence it came, the name of “Milner Lodge” written on the top, were all sources of pleasure—and she read slowly every line it contained, to procrastinate the pleasing expectation she enjoyed, till she should arrive at the name of Dorri-forth. At last, her impatient eye caught the word, three lines beyond the place she was reading—irresistibly, she skipped over those lines, and fixed on the point to which she was attracted.

Miss Woodley was cautious in her indulgence; she made the slightest men-

tion of Dorriforth; saying only, "He was extremely concerned, and even dejected, at the little hope there was of his cousin, Lord Elmwood's, recovery."—Short and trivial as this passage was, it was still more important to Miss Milner than any other in the letter—she read it again and again, considered, and reflected upon it.—Dejected, thought she, what does that word exactly mean?—did I ever see Mr. Dorriforth dejected?—how, I wonder, does he look in that state?—Thus did she muse, while the cause of his dejection, though a most serious one, and pathetically described by Miss Woodley, scarce arrested her attention once.—She ran over with haste the account of Lord Elmwood's state of health; she certainly pitied him while she thought of him, but she did not think of him long. To die, was a
hard

hard fate for a young nobleman just in possession of his immense fortune, and on the eve of marriage with a beautiful young woman; but Miss Milner thought that an abode in Heaven might be still better than all this, and she had no doubt but his Lordship would go thither. The forlorn state of Miss Fenton ought to have been a subject for compassion, but she knew that lady had resignation to bear any lot with patience, and that a trial of her fortitude, might be more flattering to her vanity than to be Countess of Elmwood: in a word, she saw no one's misfortunes equal to her own, because she saw no one so little able to bear misfortune.

She replied to Miss Woodley's letter, and dwelt very long on that subject which her friend had passed over lightly;

this was another indulgence ; and this epistolary intercourse was now the only enjoyment she possessed. From Bath she paid several visits with Lady Luneham—all were alike tedious and melancholy.

But her guardian wrote to her, and though it was on a topic of sorrow, the letter gave her joy—the sentiments it expressed were merely common-place, yet she valued them as the dearest effusions of friendship and affection ; and her hands trembled, and her heart beat with rapture while she wrote the answer, though she knew it would not be received by him with one emotion like those which she experienced.—In her second letter to Miss Woodley, she prayed like a person insane to be taken home from confinement, and like a lunatic protested,

tested, in sensible language, she “ Had no disorder.” But her friend replied, “ That very declaration proves its violence.” And she assured her, nothing less than placing her affections elsewhere, should induce her to believe but that she was incurable.

The third letter from Milner Lodge brought the news of Lord Elmwood’s death.—Miss Woodley was exceedingly affected by this event, and said little else on any other subject.—Miss Milner was shocked when she read the words “ He is dead,” and instantly thought,

“ How transient are all sublunary things!—Within a few years *I* shall be dead—and how happy will it then be, if I have resisted every temptation to the alluring pleasures of this life!” The happiness of a peaceful death oc-

cupied her contemplation for near an hour; but at length, every virtuous and pious sentiment this meditation inspired, served but to remind her of the many sentences she had heard from her guardian's lips upon the same subject—her thoughts were again fixed on him, and she could think of nothing besides.

In a short time after this, her health became impaired from the indisposition of her mind; she languished, and was once in imminent danger. During a slight delirium of her fever, Miss Woodley's name and her guardian's were incessantly repeated; Lady Lunham sent them immediate word of this, and they both hastened to Bath, and arrived there just as the violence and danger of her disorder had ceased. As soon as she became perfectly recollected,
her

her first care, knowing the frailty of her heart, was to enquire what she had uttered while delirious.—Miss Woodley, who was by her bed-side, begged her not to be alarmed on that account, and assured her she knew, from all her attendants, that she had only spoken with a friendly remembrance (as was really the case) of those persons who were dear to her.

She wished to know whether her guardian was come to see her, but she had not the courage to ask before her friend; and she in her turn was afraid by the too sudden mention of his name, to discompose her. Her maid, however, after some little time, entered the chamber, and whispered Miss Woodley. Miss Milner asked inquisitively “What she said?”

The maid replied softly, “Lord Elmwood

wood, Madam, wishes to come and see you for a few moments, if you will allow him ;”

At this reply Miss Milner stared wildly.

“ I thought,” said she, “ I thought Lord Elmwood had been dead—are my senses disordered still ?”

“ No, my dear,” answered Miss Woodley, “ it is the present Lord Elmwood who wishes to see you ; he whom you left ill when you came hither, is dead.”

“ And who is the present Lord Elmwood ?” she asked.

Miss Woodley, after a short hesitation, replied—“ Your guardian.”

“ And so he is,” cried Miss Milner ; “ he is the next heir—I had forgot.—But is it possible that he is here ?”

“ Yes—” returned Miss Woodley with
a grave

a grave voice and manner, to moderate that glow of satisfaction which for a moment sparkled even in her languid eye, and blushed over her pallid countenance.—“ Yes—as he heard you were ill, he thought it right to come and see you.”

“ He is very good,” she answered, and the tear started in her eyes.

“ Would you please to see his Lordship?” asked her maid.

“ Not yet, not yet,” she replied; “ let me recollect myself first.” And she looked with a timid doubt upon her friend, to ask if it was proper.

Miss Woodley could hardly support this humble reference to her judgment, from the wan face of the poor invalid, and taking her by the hand, whispered, “ You shall do what you please.”—In a
few

few minutes Lord Elmwood was introduced.

To those who sincerely love, every change of situation or circumstances in the object beloved, appears an advantage.—So, the acquisition of a title and estate was, in Miss Milner's eye, an inestimable advantage to her guardian; not on account of their real value; but that any change, instead of diminishing her passion, would have served only to increase it—even a change to the utmost poverty.

When he entered—the sight of him seemed to be too much for her, and after the first glance she turned her head away.—The sound of his voice encouraged her to look once more—and then she riveted her eyes upon him.

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“ It is impossible, my dear Miss Milner,” he gently whispered, “ to say, what joy I feel that your disorder has subsided.”

But though it was impossible to say, it was possible to *look* what he felt, and his looks expressed his feelings.— In the zeal of those sensations, he laid hold of her hand, and held it between his—this he did not himself know—but she did.

“ You have prayed for me, my Lord, I make no doubt?” said she, and smiled, as if thanking him for those prayers.

“ Fervently, ardently!” — returned he; and the fervency with which he had prayed spoke in every feature.

“ But I am a protestant, you know, and if I had died such, do you believe I should have gone to Heaven?”

“ Most

“ Most assuredly, that would not have prevented you.”

“ But Mr. Sandford does not think so.”

“ He must ; for he means to go there himself.”

To keep her guardian with her, Miss Milner seemed inclined to converse ; but her solicitous friend gave Lord Elmwood a look, which implied that it might be injurious to her, and he retired.

They had only one more interview before he left the place ; at which Miss Milner was capable of sitting up—he was with her, however, but a very short time, some necessary concerns relative to his late kinsman’s affairs, calling him in haste to London. Miss Woodley continued with her friend till she saw her entirely

ly

ly reinstated in her health : during which time her guardian was frequently the subject of their private conversation ; and upon those occasions Miss Milner has sometimes brought Miss Woodley to acknowledge, “ That could Mr. Dorri-forth have possibly foreseen the early death of the last Lord Elmwood, it had been more for the honour of his religion (as that ancient title would now after him become extinct), if he had preferred marriage vows to those of celibacy.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the time for Miss Woodley's departure arrived, Miss Milner entreated earnestly to accompany her home, and made the most solemn promises that she would guard not only her behaviour, but her very thoughts, within the limitation her friend should prescribe. Miss Woodley at length yielded thus far, "That as soon as Lord Elmwood was set out on his journey to Italy, where she had heard him say that he should soon be obliged to go, she would no longer deny her the pleasure of returning; and if (after the long absence which must consequently take place between him and her) she could positively affirm the
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suppression of her passion was the happy result, she would then take her word, and risk the danger of seeing them once more reside together."

This concession having been obtained, they parted ; and as winter was now far advanced, Miss Woodley returned to her aunt's house in town, from whence Mrs. Horton was, however, preparing to remove, in order to superintend Lord Elmwood's house, (which had been occupied by the late Earl,) in Grosvenor Square; and her niece was to accompany her.

If Lord Elmwood was not desirous Miss Milner should conclude her visit and return to his protection, it was partly from the multiplicity of affairs in which he was at this time engaged, and

partly from having Mr. Sandford now entirely placed with him as his chaplain; for he dreaded, that living in the same house, their natural antipathy might be increased even to aversion.—Upon this account, he once thought of advising Mr. Sandford to take up his abode elsewhere; but the great pleasure he took in his society, joined to the bitter mortification he knew such a proposal would be to his friend, would not suffer him to make it.

Miss Milner all this time was not thinking upon those she hated, but on those she loved.—Sandford never came into her thoughts, while the image of Lord Elmwood never left them.—One morning, as she sat talking to Lady Luneham on various subjects, but thinking alone on him, Sir Harry Luneham, with

with another gentleman, a Mr. Fleetmond, came in, and the conversation turned upon the improbability, during the present Lord Elmwood's youth, that he should ever inherit the title and estate which had now fallen to him—and, said Mr. Fleetmond, "Independent of rank and fortune, it must be matter of infinite joy to Mr. Dorriforth."

"No," answered Sir Harry, "independent of rank and fortune, it must be a motive of concern to him; for he must now regret, beyond measure, his folly in taking priest's orders—thus depriving himself of the hopes of an heir, so that his title, at his death, will be lost."

"By no means," replied Mr. Fleetmond; "he may yet have an heir, for he will certainly marry."

"Marry!" cried the Baronet.

C 2

"Yes,"

“ Yes,” answered the other, “ it was that I meant by the joy it might probably give him, beyond the possession of his estate and title.”

“ How be married ?” said Lady Luneham, “ Has he not taken a vow never to marry ?”

“ Yes,” answered Mr. Fleetmond, “ but there are no *religious* vows, from which the sovereign Pontiff at Rome cannot grant a dispensation, as those commandments which are made by the church, the church has always the power to revoke; and when it is for the general good of religion, his Holiness thinks it incumbent on him, to publish his bull, and remit all penalties for their non-observance; and certainly it is for the honour of the Catholics, that this Earldom should continue in a Catholic family.

family.—In short, I'll venture to lay a wager, my Lord Elmwood is married within a year."

Miss Milner, who listened with attention, feared she was in a dream, or deceived by the pretended knowledge of Mr. Fleetmond, who might know nothing—yet all that he had said was very probable; and he was himself a Roman Catholic, so that he must be well informed on the subject upon which he spoke. — If she had heard the direst news that ever sounded in the ears of the most susceptible of mortals, the agitation of her mind and person could not have been stronger—she felt, while every word was speaking, a chill through all her veins—a pleasure too exquisite, not to bear along with it the sensation of exquisite pain; of which

she was so sensible, that for a few moments it made her wish that she had not heard the intelligence ; though, very soon after, she would not but have heard it for the world.

As soon as she had recovered from her first astonishment and joy, she wrote to Miss Woodley an exact account of what she had heard, and received this answer :

“ I am sorry any body should have
“ given you this piece of information,
“ because it was a task, in executing
“ which, I had promised myself extreme
“ satisfaction—but the fear that
“ your health was not yet strong enough
“ to support, without some danger, the
“ burthen of hopes which I knew would,
“ upon this occasion, press upon you, I
“ deferred

“ deferred my communication, and it
“ has been anticipated. Yet, as you
“ seem in doubt as to the reality of
“ what you have been told, perhaps
“ this confirmation of it may fall very
“ little short of the first news; espe-
“ cially when it is enforced by my re-
“ quest, that you will come to us, as
“ soon as you can with propriety leave
“ Lady Luneham.

“ Come, my dear Miss Milner, and
“ find in your once rigid monitor a
“ faithful confidante.—I will no longer
“ threaten to disclose a secret you have
“ trusted me with, but leave it to the
“ wisdom, or sensibility of *his* heart,
“ (who is now to penetrate into the
“ hearts of our sex, in search of one
“ that may beat in unison with his own)
“ to find it out.—I no longer condemn,
“ but congratulate you on your passion;

“ and will assist you with all my advice
“ and my earnest wishes, that it may
“ obtain a return.”

“ This letter was another of those excruciating pleasures, that almost reduced Miss Milner to the grave.—Her appetite forsook her; and she vainly endeavoured, for several nights, to close her eyes.—She thought so much upon the prospect of accomplishing her wishes, that she could admit no other idea; not even invent one probable excuse for leaving Lady Luneham before the appointed time, which was then at the distance of two months. She wrote to Miss Woodley to beg her contrivance, to reproach her for keeping the secret so long from her, and to thank her for having revealed it in so kind a manner at last.—She begged also to be acquainted how Mr. Dorriforth

Dorriforth (for still he called him by that name) spoke and thought of this sudden change in his destiny.

Miss Woodley's reply was a summons for her to town upon some pretended business, which she avoided explaining, but which entirely silenced Lady Luneham's entreaties for her stay.

To her question concerning Lord Elmwood she answered, "It is a subject on which he seldom speaks—he appears just the same he ever did, nor could you by any part of his conduct, conceive that any such change had taken place." Miss Milner exclaimed to herself, "I am glad he is not altered—if his words, looks, or manners, were any thing different from what they formerly were, I should not like him so well." And just the reverse would have been the case, had Miss Woodly sent her word he was changed.

changed.—The day for her leaving Bath was fixed ; she expected it with rapture, but before its arrival, sunk under the care of expectation ; and when it came, was so much indisposed, as to be obliged to defer her journey for a week.

At length she found herself in London—in the house of her guardian—and that guardian no longer bound to a single life, but *enjoined* to marry. He appeared in her eyes, as in Miss Woodley's, the same as ever ; or perhaps more endearing than ever, as it was the first time she had beheld him with hope.—Mr. Sandford did *not* appear the same ; yet he was in reality as furly and as disrespectful in his behaviour to her as usual ; but she did not observe, or she did not feel his morose temper as heretofore—he seemed amiable, mild, and
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gentle ;

gentle ; at least this was the happy medium through which her self-complacent mind began to see him ; for good humour, like the jaundice, makes every one of its own complexion.

CHAPTER III.

LORD Elmwood was preparing to go abroad, for the purpose of receiving in form, the dispensation from his vows ; it was, however, a subject he seemed carefully to avoid speaking upon ; and when by any accident he was obliged to mention it, it was without any marks either of satisfaction or concern.

Miss Millner's pride began to be alarmed.—While he was Mr. Dorriforth, and confined to a single life, his indifference to her charms was rather an honourable than a reproachful trait in his character, and in reality, she admired him for the insensibility. — But on the eve

eve of being at liberty, and on the eve of making his choice, she was offended *that* choice was not immediately fixed upon her.—She had been accustomed to receive the devotion of every man who saw her, and not to obtain it of the man from whom, of all others, she most wished it, was cruelly humiliating.—She complained to Miss Woodley, who advised her to have patience; but that was one of the virtues in which she was the least practised.

Encouraged, nevertheless, by her friend in the commendable desire of gaining the affections of him, who possessed all her own, she, however, left no means unattempted for the conquest—but she began with too great a certainty of success, not to be sensible of the deepest mortification in the disappointment—

ment—nay, she anticipated a disappointment, as she had before anticipated her success; by turns feeling the keenest emotions from hope and from despair.

As these passions alternately governed her, she was alternately in spirits or dejected; in good or in ill humour; and the vicissitudes of her prospect at length gave to her behaviour an air of caprice, which not all her follies had till now produced.—This was not the way to secure the affections of Lord Elmwood; she knew it was not; and before him she was under some restriction. — Sandford observed this, and without reserve, added to the list of her other failings, hypocrisy. It was plain to see that Mr. Sandford esteemed her less and less every day; and as he was the person who most influenced the opinion of her guardian, he

he became to her, very soon, an object not merely of dislike, but of abhorrence.

These mutual sentiments were discoverable in every word and action, while they were in each other's company; but still in his absence, Miss Milner's good nature, and total freedom from malice, never suffered her to utter a sentence injurious to his interest.—Sandford's charity did not extend thus far; and speaking of her with severity one evening while she was at the opera, "His meaning," as he said, "but to caution her guardian against her faults," Lord Elmwood replied,

"There is one fault, however, Mr. Sandford, I cannot lay to her charge."

"And what is that, my Lord?" cried Sandford, eagerly, "What is that one fault, which Miss Milner has not?"

"I never,"

“ I never,” replied Lord Elmwood, “ heard Miss Milner, in your absence, utter a syllable to your disadvantage,”

“ She dares not, my Lord, because she is in fear of you ; and she knows you would not suffer it.”

“ She then,” answered his Lordship, “ pays me a much higher compliment than you do ; for you freely censure *her*, and yet imagine I *will* suffer it.”

“ My Lord,” replied Sandford, “ I am undeceived now, and shall never take that liberty again.”

As Lord Elmwood always treated Sandford with the utmost respect, he began to fear he had been deficient upon this occasion ; and the disposition which had induced him to take his ward's part, was likely, in the end, to prove unfavourable to her ; for
perceiving

perceiving Sandford was offended at what had passed, as the only means of retribution, he began himself to lament her volatile and captious propensities; in which lamentation, Sandford, now forgetting his affront, joined with the heartiest concurrence, adding,

“ You, Sir, having now other cares to employ your thoughts, ought to insist upon her marrying, or retiring into the country.”

She returned home just as this conversation was finished, and Sandford, the moment she entered, rang for his candle to retire. Miss Woodley, who had been at the opera with Miss Milner, cried,

“ Bless me, Mr. Sandford, are you not well, you are going to leave us so early ?”

He replied, "No, I have a pain in my head."

Miss Milner, who never listened to complaints without sympathy, rose immediately from her seat, saying,

"I think I never heard you, Mr. Sandford, complain of indisposition before.—Will you accept of my specific for the head-ach? Indeed it is a certain relief—I'll fetch it instantly."

She went hastily out of the room, and returned with a bottle, which, she assured him, "Was a present from Lady Luneham, and would certainly cure him."—And she pressed it upon him with such an anxious earnestness, that with all his churlishness he could not refuse taking it.

This was but a common-place civility, such as is paid by one enemy to another every day; but the *manner* was the

the material part.—The unaffected concern, the attention, the good will, she demonstrated in this little incident, was that which made it remarkable, and immediately took from Lord Elmwood the displeasure to which he had been just before provoked, or rather transformed it into a degree of admiration. Even Sandford was not insensible to her behaviour, and in return, when he left the room, “Wished her a good night.”

To her and Miss Woodley, who had not been witnesses of the preceding conversation, what she had done appeared of no merit; but to the mind of Lord Elmwood, the merit was infinite; and upon the departure of Sandford, he began to be unusually cheerful. He first pleasantly reproached the ladies for not offering him a place in their box at the opera.

“ Would you have gone, my Lord ?” asked Miss Milner, highly delighted.

“ Certainly,” returned he, “ had you invited me.”

“ Then from this day I give you a general invitation ; nor shall any other company be admitted but those whom you approve.”

“ I am very much obliged to you,” said he.

“ And you,” continued she, “ who have been accustomed only to church-music, will be more than any one, enchanted with hearing the softer music of love.”

“ What ravishing pleasures you are preparing for me !” returned he — “ I know not whether my weak senses will be able to support them !”

She had her eyes upon him when he spoke this, and she discovered in his, that
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were fixed upon her, a sensibility unexpected—a kind of fascination which enticed her to look on, while her eye-lids fell involuntarily before its mighty force, and a thousand blushes crowded over her face.—He was struck with these sudden signals; hastily recalled his former countenance, and stopped the conversation.

Miss Woodley, who had been a silent observer for some time, now thought a word or two from her would be acceptable rather than troublesome.

“And pray, my Lord,” said she, “when do you go to France?”

“To Italy you mean;—I shall not go at all,” said he. “My superiors are very indulgent, for they dispense with all my duties.—I ought, and I meant, to have gone abroad; but as a variety of con-

cerns require my presence in England, every necessary ceremony has taken place here."

"Then your Lordship is no longer in orders?" said Miss Woodley.

"No; they have been resigned these five days."

"My Lord," I give you joy," said Miss Milner.

He thanked her, but added with a sigh, "If I have given up content in search of joy, I shall perhaps be a loser by the venture."—Soon after this, he wished them a good night, and retired.

Happy as Miss Milner found herself in his company, she saw him leave the room with infinite satisfaction, because her heart was impatient to give a loose to its hopes on the bosom of Miss Woodley.—She bade Mrs. Horton
imme-

immediately good night; and, in her friend's apartment, gave way to all the language of passion, warmed with the confidence of meeting its return.—She described the sentiments she had read in Lord Elmwood's looks; and though Miss Woodley had beheld them too, Miss Milner's fancy heightened the expression of every glance, till her construction became, by degrees, so extremely favourable to her own wishes, that had not her friend been present, and known in what measure to estimate those symptoms, she must infallibly have thought, by the joy to which they gave birth, that he had openly avowed a passion for her.

Miss Woodley, therefore, thought it her duty to allay these ecstasies, and represented to her, she might be deceived

in her hopes—or even supposing his wishes inclined towards her, there were yet great obstacles between them.—“Would not Sandford, who directed his every thought and purpose, be consulted upon this? and if he was, upon what, but the most romantic affection on the part of Lord Elmwood, had Miss Milner to depend? and his Lordship was not a man to be suspected of submitting to the excess of any passion.”—Thus did Miss Woodley argue, lest her friend should be misled by her wishes; yet, in her own mind, she scarce harboured a doubt that any thing would thwart them.—The succeeding circumstance proved she was mistaken.

Another gentleman of family and fortune made overtures to Miss Milner; and her guardian, so far from having his thoughts

thoughts inclined towards her on his own account, pleaded this lover's cause even with more zeal than he had pleaded for Sir Edward and Lord Frederick; thus at once destroying all those plans of happiness which poor Miss Milner had formed.

In consequence, her melancholy humour was now predominant; she confined herself at home, and yet, by her own order, was denied to all her visitors. — Whether this arose from pure melancholy, or the still lingering hope of making her conquest, by that sedateness of manners which she knew her guardian admired, she herself perhaps did not perfectly know. — Be that as it may, Lord Elmwood could not but observe this change, and one morning thought fit to mention, and to applaud it.

Miss

Miss Woodley and she were at work together when he came into the room; and after sitting several minutes, and talking upon indifferent subjects, to which his ward replied with a dejection in her voice and manner—he said,

“ Perhaps I am wrong, Miss Milner, but I have observed that you are lately more thoughtful than usual.”

She blushed, as she always did when the subject was herself.—He continued, “ Your health appears perfectly restored, and yet I have observed you take no delight in your former amusements.”

“ Are you sorry for that, my Lord?”

“ No, I am extremely glad; and I was going to congratulate you upon the change.—But give me leave to enquire, to what lucky accident we may attribute this alteration ?”

“ Your

“Your Lordship then thinks all my commendable deeds arise from accident, and that I have no virtues of my own.”

“Pardon me, I think you have many.” This he spoke emphatically; and her blushes increased.

He resumed—“How can I doubt of a lady’s virtues, when her countenance gives me such evident proofs of them?—Believe me, Miss Milner, that in the midst of your gayest follies, while you thus continue to blush, I shall reverence your internal sensations.”

“Oh! my Lord, did you know some of them, I am afraid you would think them unpardonable.”

This was so much to the purpose, that Miss Woodley found herself alarmed—but without reason—Miss Milner loved

too sincerely to reveal it to the object.
—He answered,

“ And did you know some of mine, you might think them *equally* unpardonable.”

She turned pale, and could no longer guide her needle—in the fond transport of her heart she imagined that his love for her, was among the sensations to which he alluded.—She was too much embarrassed to reply, and he continued,

“ We have all much to pardon in one another: and I know not whether the officious person who forces, even his good advice, is not as blameable as the obstinate one, who will not listen to it. —And now, having made a preface to excuse you, should you once more refuse mine, I shall venture to give it.”

“ My Lord,” I have never yet refused to follow your advice, but where
my

my own peace of mind was so nearly concerned, as to have made me culpable, had I complied."

"Well, Madam, I submit to your determinations; and shall never again oppose your inclination to remain single."

This sentence, as it excluded the idea of soliciting for himself, gave her the utmost pain; and her eye glanced at him, full of reproach.—He did not observe it, but went on.

"While you continue unmarried, it seems to have been your father's intention that you should continue under my immediate care; but as I mean for the future to reside chiefly in the country—answer me candidly, do you think you could be happy there, for at least three parts of the year?"

"After

After a short hesitation, she replied,
—" I have no objection."

" I am glad to hear it," he returned eagerly, " for it is my earnest desire to have you with me—your welfare is dear to me as my own ; and were we apart continual apprehensions would prey upon my mind."

The tear started in her eye, at the earnestness that accompanied these words ; —he saw it, and to soften her still more with the sense of his esteem for her, he increased his earnestness while he said,

" If you will take the resolution to quit London for the time I mention, there shall be no means omitted to make the country all you can wish—I shall insist upon Miss Woodley's company for both our sakes ; and it will not only be *my* study to form such a society as you may approve, but I am certain it will
be

be likewise the study of Lady Elmwood——”

He was going on, but as if a poniard had thrust her to the heart, she writhed under this unexpected stroke.

He saw her countenance change—he looked at her steadfastly.

It was not a common change from joy to sorrow, from content to uneasiness, which Miss Milner discovered—she felt, and she expressed anguish—Lord Elmwood was alarmed and shocked.—She did not weep, but she called Miss Woodley to come to her, with a voice that indicated a degree of agony.

“ My Lord,” (cried Miss Woodley, seeing his consternation, and trembling lest he should guess the secret,) “ My Lord, Miss Milner has again deceived you—you must not take her from London—

don—it is that, and that alone, which is the cause of her uneasiness.”

He seemed more amazed still—and still more shocked at her duplicity than at her torture.—“Good Heaven! exclaimed he, “How am I to accomplish her wishes? What am I to do? How can I judge, if she will not confide in me, but thus for ever deceive me?”

She leaned, pale as death, on the shoulder of Miss Woodley, her eye fixed with apparent insensibility to all that was said, while he continued,

“Heaven is my witness, if I knew—If I could conceive the means how to make her happy, I would sacrifice my own happiness to hers.”

“My Lord,” said Miss Woodley with a smile, “perhaps I may call upon you hereafter to fulfil your word.”

He

He was totally ignorant what she meant, nor had he leisure; from the confusion of his thoughts, to reflect upon her meaning; he nevertheless replied, with warmth, “ Do.—You shall find I’ll perform it.—Do.—I will faithfully perform it.”

Though Miss Milner was conscious this declaration could not, in delicacy, be ever adduced against him; yet the fervent and solemn manner in which he made it, cheered her spirits; and as persons enjoy the reflection of having in their possession some valuable gem, though they are determined never to use it, so she upon this, was comforted and grew better.—She now lifted up her head, and leaned it on her hand, as she sat by the side of a table—still she did not speak, but seemed overcome with sorrow.—As her situation became, how-

worthy object!" — And he looked at Miss Milner.

"There are no objects unworthy our care:" replied Lord Elmwood.

"But there are objects on whom all care is fruitless, your Lordship will allow."

"I never yet despaired of any one, Mr. Sandford."

"And yet there are persons, of whom it is presumption to entertain hopes."—And he looked again at Miss Milner.

"Does your head ach, Miss Milner?" asked her friend, seeing her hold it with her hand.

"Very much," returned she.

"Mr. Sandford," said Miss Woodley, did you use all those drops Miss Milner gave you for a pain in the head?"

E 2

"Yes,"

“ Yes:” answered he, “ I did.”—
But the question at that moment somewhat embarrassed him.

“ And I hope you found benefit from them:” said Miss Milner, with great kindness, as she rose from her seat, and walked slowly out of the room.

Though Miss Woodley followed her, so that Mr. Sandford was left alone with Lord Elmwood, and might have continued his unkind insinuations without one restraint, yet his lips were closed for the present.—He looked down on the carpet—twitched himself upon his chair—and began to talk of the weather.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the first transports of despair were past, Miss Milner suffered herself to be once more in hope.—She found there were no other means to support her life; and to her comfort, her friend was much less severe on the present occasion than she expected.—No engagement between mortals was, in Miss Woodley's opinion, binding like that entered into with heaven; and whatever vows Lord Elmwood had possibly made to another, she justly supposed that no woman's love for him equalled Miss Milner's—it was prior to all others too; that established her claim to contend at least for success; and in a con-

tention, what rival would not fall before her?

It was not difficult to guess who this rival was; or if they were a little time in suspense, Miss Woodley soon arrived at the certainty, by inquiring of Mr. Sandford; who, unsuspecting why she asked, readily informed her the intended Lady Elmwood was no other than Miss Fenton; and that their marriage would be solemnized as soon as the mourning for the late Lord Elmwood was over.— This last intelligence made Miss Woodley shudder—she repeated it, however, to Miss Milner, word for word.

“ Happy ! happy woman ! ” exclaimed Miss Milner of Miss Fenton ; “ she has received the first fond impulse of his heart, and has had the transcendent happiness of teaching him to love ! ”

“ By

“By no means,” returned Miss Woodley, finding no other suggestion likely to comfort her; “do not suppose that his marriage is the result of love—it is no more than a duty, a necessary arrangement, and this you may plainly see by the wife on whom he has fixed.—Miss Fenton was thought a proper match for his cousin, and that same propriety has transferred her to him.”

It was easy to convince Miss Milner that all her friend said was truth, for she wished it so. “And oh!” she exclaimed, “could I but stimulate passion, against the cold influence of propriety;—Do you think, my dear Miss Woodley,” (and she looked with such begging eyes, it was impossible not to answer as she wished,) “do you think it would be unjust to Miss Fenton, were I to inspire her destined husband with a passion

which she may not have inspired, and which I believe *she* cannot feel?"

Miss Woodley paused a minute, and then answered, "No:"—but there was a hesitation in her manner of delivery—she *did* say, "No:" but she looked as if she was afraid she ought to have said "Yes."—Miss Milner, however, did not give her time to recall the word, or to alter its meaning by adding others to it, but ran on eagerly, and declared, "As that was her opinion, she would abide by it, and do all she could to supplant her rival."—In order, nevertheless, to justify this determination, and satisfy the conscience of Miss Woodley, they both concluded that Miss Fenton's heart was not engaged in the intended marriage, and consequently that she was indifferent whether it ever took place or not.

Since

Since the death of the late Earl, she had not been in town; nor had the present Earl been near the place where she resided, since the week in which her lover died; of course, nothing similar to love could have been declared at so early a period; and if it had been made known at a later, it must only have been by letter, or by the deputation of Mr. Sandford, who they knew had been once in the country to visit her; but how little he was qualified to enforce a tender passion, was a comfortable reflection.

Revived by these conjectures, of which some were true, and others false; the very next day a gloom overspread their bright prospects, on Mr. Sandford's saying, as he entered the breakfast-room,

“ Miss

“ Miss Fenton, ladies, desired me to present her compliments.”

“ Is she in town ?” asked Mrs. Horton.

“ She came yesterday morning,” returned Sandford, “ and is at her brother’s, in Ormond-street; my Lord and I supped there last night, and that made us so late home.”

Lord Elmwood entered soon after, and bowing to his ward, confirmed what had been said, by telling her, that “ Miss Fenton had charged him with her kindest respects.”

“ How does poor Miss Fenton look ?” Mrs. Horton asked Lord Elmwood.

To which question Sandford replied, “ Beautiful—she looks beautifully.”

“ She has got over her uneasiness, I suppose then ?” said Mrs. Horton—not dream-

dreaming that she was asking the question before her new lover.

“Uneasy!” replied Sandford, “uneasy at any trial this world can send? That would be highly unworthy of her.”

“But sometimes women do fret at such things:” replied Mrs. Horton, innocently.

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner—
“If she meant to ride, this delightful day?”

While she was hesitating—

“There are different kinds of women,” (said Sandford, directing his discourse to Mrs. Horton;) “there is as much difference between some women, as between good and evil spirits.”

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner again—If she took an airing?

She replied, “No.”

“And

“ And beauty,” continued Sandford, “ when endowed upon spirits that are evil, is a mark of their greater, their more extreme wickedness.—Lucifer was the most beautiful of all the angels in Paradise”—

“ How do you know?” said Miss Milner.

“ But the beauty of Lucifer” (continued Sandford, in perfect neglect and contempt of her question,) “ was an aggravation of his guilt; because it shewed a double share of ingratitude to the Divine Creator of that beauty.”

“ Now you talk of angels,” said Miss Milner, “ I wish I had wings; and I should like to fly through the park this morning.”

“ You would be taken for an angel in good earnest,” said Lord Elmwood.

Sandford

Sandford was angry at this little compliment, and cried, "I should think the serpent's skin would be much more characteristic."

"My Lord," cried she, "does not Mr. Sandford use me ill?"—Vext with other things, she felt herself extremely hurt at this, and made the appeal almost in tears.

"Indeed, I think he does." And he looked at Sandford as if he was displeased.

This was a triumph so agreeable to her, that she immediately pardoned the offence; but the offender did not so easily pardon her.

"Good morning, ladies," said Lord Elmwood, rising to go away.

"My Lord," said Miss Woodley, "you promised Miss Millner to accompany
pany

pany her one evening to the opera ; this is opera night."

" Will you go, my Lord?" asked Miss Milner, in a voice so soft, that he seemed as if he wished, but could not resist it."

" I am to dine at Mr. Fenton's to day," he replied ; " and if he and his sister will go, and you will allow them part of your box, I will promise to come."

This was a condition by no means acceptable to her ; but as she felt a desire to see him in company of his intended bride, (for she fancied she could perceive his secret sentiments, could she once see them together) she answered not ungraciously, " Yes, my compliments to Mr. and Miss Fenton,
and

and I hope they will favour me with their company."

"Then, Madam, if they come, you may expect me—else not." He bowed and left the room.

All the day was passed in anxious expectation by Miss Milner, what would be the event of the evening: for upon her penetration that evening all her future prospects she thought depended.—If she saw by his looks, by his words, or assiduities, that he loved Miss Fenton, she flattered herself she would never think of him again with hope; but if she observed him treat her with inattention or indifference, she would cherish, from that moment, the fondest expectations.—Against that short evening her toilet was consulted the whole day: the alternate hope and fear which fluttered
in

in her heart, gave a more than usual brilliancy to her eyes, and more than usual bloom to her complexion.—But vain was her beauty ; vain all her care to decorate that beauty ; vain her many looks to her box-door in hopes to see it open—Lord Elmwood never came.

The music was discord—every thing she saw was disgusting—in a word, she was miserable.

She longed impatiently for the curtain to drop, because she was uneasy where she was—yet she asked herself, “ Shall I be less unhappy at home ? Yes ; at home I shall see Lord Elmwood, and that will be happiness.—But he will behold me with neglect, and that will be misery ! — Ungrateful man ! I will no longer think of him.”—Yet could she
have

have thought of him, without joining in the same idea Miss Fenton, her anguish had been supportable; but while she painted them as lovers, the tortures of the rack are but a few degrees more painful than those which she endured.

There are but few persons who ever felt the real passion of jealousy, because few have felt the real passion of love; but with those who have experienced them both, jealousy not only effects the mind, but every fibre of their frame; and Miss Milner's every limb felt agonizing torment, when Miss Fenton, courted and beloved by Lord Elmwood, was present to her imagination.

The moment the opera was finished, she flew hastily down stairs, as if to fly from the sufferings she experienced.—

She did not go into the coffee-room, though repeatedly urged by Miss Woodley, but waited at the door till her carriage drew up.

Piqued — heart-broken — full of resentment against the object of her uneasiness, and inattentive to all that passed, a hand gently touched her own; and the most humble and insinuating voice said, “Will you permit me to lead you to your carriage?” She was awakened from her revery, and found Lord Frederick Lawley by her side.—Her heart, just then melting with tenderness to another, was perhaps more accessible than heretofore; or bursting with resentment, thought this the moment to retaliate. Whatever passion reigned that instant, it was favourable to the desires of Lord Frederick, and she looked as if she was
glad

glad to see him : he beheld this with the rapture and the humility of a lover ; and though she did not feel the least particle of love in return, she felt gratitude in proportion to the insensibility with which she had been treated by her guardian ; and Lord Frederick's supposition was not very erroneous, if he mistook this gratitude for a latent spark of affection. The mistake, however, did not force from him his respect : he handed her to her carriage, bowed low, and disappeared. Miss Woodley wished to divert her thoughts from the object which could only make her wretched, and as they rode home, by many encomiums upon Lord Frederick, endeavoured to incite her to a regard for him ; Miss Milner was displeased at the attempt, and exclaimed,

“What! love a rake, a man of professed gallantry? impossible.—To me, a common rake is as odious as a common prostitute is to a man of the nicest feelings.—Where can be the joy, the pride, of inspiring a passion which fifty others can equally inspire?”

“Strange,” cried Miss Woodley, “that you, who possess so many follies incident to your sex, should, in the disposal of your heart, have sentiments so contrary to women in general.”

“My dear Miss Woodley,” returned she, “put in competition the languid addresses of a libertine, with the animated affection of a sober man, and judge which has the dominion? Oh! in my calendar of love, a solemn Lord Chief Justice, or a devout archbishop, ranks before a licentious king.”

Miss

Miss Woodley smiled at an opinion which she knew half her sex would ridicule; but by the air of sincerity with which it was delivered, she was convinced her recent behaviour to Lord Frederick was but the mere effect of chance.

Lord Elmwood's carriage drove to his door just at the time her's did; Mr. Sandford was with him, and they were both come from passing the evening at Mr. Fenton's.

"So, my Lord," said Miss Woodley, as soon as they met in the apartment, "you did not come to us?"

"No," answered he, "I was sorry; but I hope you did not expect me."

"Not expect you, my Lord?" cried Miss Milner; "Did not you say that you would come?"

“ If I had, I certainly should have come,” returned he, “ but I only said so conditionally.”

“ That I am a witness to,” cried Sandford, “ for I was present at the time, and he said it should depend upon Miss Fenton.”

“ And she, with her gloomy disposition,” said Miss Milner, “ chose to sit at home.”

“ Gloomy disposition !” repeated Sandford : “ She has a great share of sprightliness—and I think I never saw her in better spirits than she was this evening, my Lord.”

Lord Elmwood did not speak.

“ Bless me, Mr. Sandford,” cried Miss Milner, “ I meant no reflection upon Miss Fenton’s disposition ; I only meant to censure her taste for staying at home.”

“ I think

“ I think,” replied Sandford, “ a much heavier censure should be passed upon those who prefer rambling abroad.”

“ But I hope, ladies, my not coming,” said Lord Elmwood, “ was no inconvenience to you; for you had still, I see, a gentleman with you.

“ Oh! yes, two gentlemen:” answered the son of Lady Evans, a lad from school, whom Miss Milner had taken along with her.

“ What two?” asked Lord Elmwood.

Neither Miss Milner nor Miss Woodley answered.

“ You know, Madam,” said young Evans, “ that handsome gentleman who handed you into your carriage, and you called my Lord.”

“ Oh ! he means Lord Frederick Lawnly :” said Miss Milner carelessly, but a blush of shame spread over her face.

“ And did he hand you into your coach ?” asked Lord Elmwood earnestly.

“ By mere accident, my Lord,” Miss Woodley replied, “ for the crowd was so great——”

“ I think, my Lord,” said Sandford, “ it was very lucky that you were *not* there.”

“ Had Lord Elmwood been with us, we should not have had occasion for the assistance of any other,” said Miss Milner.

“ Lord Elmwood has been with you, Madam,” returned Sandford, “ very frequently, and yet——”

“ Mr.

“ Mr. Sandford,” said Lord Elmwood,” interrupting him, “ it is near bed-time, your conversation keeps the ladies from retiring.”

“ Your Lordship’s does not,” said Miss Milner, “ for you say nothing.”

“ Because, Madam, I am afraid to offend.”

“ But do not you also hope to please? and without risking the one, it is impossible to arrive at the other.”

“ I think, at present, the risk would be too hazardous, and so I wish you a good night.” And he went out of the room somewhat abruptly.

“ Lord Elmwood,” said Miss Milner, “ is very grave—he does not look like a man who has been passing the evening with the woman he loves.”

“ Perhaps he is melancholy at parting from her,” said Miss Woodley.

“ More

“ More likely offended,” said Sandford, “ at the manner in which that lady has spoken of her.”

“ Who, I ? I protest I said nothing——”

“ Nothing ! Did not you say that she was gloomy ?”

“ Nothing but what I thought—I was going to add, Mr. Sandford.”

“ When you think unjustly, you should not express your thoughts.”

“ Then, perhaps, I should never speak.”

“ And it were better you did not, if what you say is to give pain.—Do you know, Madam, that my Lord is going to be married to Miss Fenton ?”

“ Yes,” answered Miss Milner.

“ Do you know that he loves her ?”

“ No,” answered Miss Milner.

“How! do you suppose he does not?”

“I suppose that he does, yet I don’t know it.”

“Then if you suppose that he does, how can you have the imprudence to find fault with her before him?”

“I did not.—To call her gloomy, was, I knew, to commend her both to him and to you, who admire such tempers.”

“Whatever her temper is, *every one* admires it; and so far from its being what you have described, she has great vivacity; vivacity which comes from the heart.”

“No, if it *came* from thence, I should admire it too; but, if she has any, it rests there, and no one is the better for it.”

“Pshaw!” said Miss Woodley, “it is time for us to retire; you and Mr. Sand-

Sandford must finish your dispute in the morning."

"Dispute, Madam!" said Sandford, "I never disputed with any one beneath a doctor of divinity in my life.—I was only cautioning your friend not to make light of those virtues which it would do her honour to possess.—Miss Fenton is a most amiable young woman, and worthy of just such a husband as my Lord Elmwood will make her."

"I am sure," said Miss Woodley, "Miss Milner thinks so—she has a high opinion of Miss Fenton—she was at present only jesting."

"But, Madam, a jest is a very pernicious thing, when delivered with a malignant sneer.—I have known a jest destroy a lady's reputation—I have known a jest give one person a distaste
for

for another—I have known a jest break off a marriage.”

“ But I suppose there is no apprehension of that in the present case?” said Miss Woodley—wishing he might answer in the affirmative.

“ Not that I can foresee.—No, Heaven forbid,” he replied, “ for I look upon them to be formed for each other—their dispositions, their pursuits, their inclinations the same.—Their passions for each other just the same—pure—white as snow.”

“ And I dare say, not warmer,” replied Miss Milner.

He looked provoked beyond measure.

“ My dear,” cried Miss Woodley, “ how can you talk thus? I believe in my heart you are only envious, because

because my Lord Elmwood has not offered himself to you."

"To her!" said Sandford, affecting an air of the utmost surprise; "to her!—Do you think he received a dispensation from his vows, to become the husband of a coquette—a——."—He was going on.

"Nay, Mr. Sandford," cried Miss Milner, "I believe, after all, my worst crime, in your eyes, is that of being a heretic."

"By no means—it is the only circumstance that can apologize for your faults; and if you had not that excuse, there would be none for you."

"Then, at present, there *is* an excuse—I thank you, Mr. Sandford—this is the kindest thing you ever said to me. But I am vexed to see that you are sorry you have said it."

"Angry

“ Angry at your being a heretic !” he resumed—“ Indeed I should be much more concerned to see you a disgrace to our religion.”

Miss Milner had not been in a good humour the whole evening — she had been provoked several times to the full extent of her patience : but this harsh sentence hurried her beyond all bounds, and she arose from her seat in the most violent agitation, exclaiming, “ What have I done to be thus treated ?”

Though Mr. Sandford was not a man easily intimidated, he was upon this occasion evidently alarmed ; and stared about him with so violent an expression of surprise, that it partook, in some degree, of fear.—Miss Woodley clasped her friend in her arms, and cried with the tenderest affection and pity, “ My dear Miss Milner, be composed.”

Miss

Miss Milner sat down, and was so for a minute ; but her dead silence was almost as alarming to Sandford as her rage had been ; and he did not perfectly recover himself till he saw tears pouring down her face.—He then heaved a sigh of content that all had thus ended ; but in his heart resolved never to forget the ridiculous affright into which he had been thrown.—He stole out of the room without uttering a syllable—but as he never retired to rest before he had repeated a long form of evening prayer, when this evening he came to that part which supplicates “ Grace for the wicked,” he mentioned Miss Milner’s name with the most fervent devotion.

CHAPTER V.

OF the many restless nights that Miss Milner passed, this was not one. — It is true, she had a weight of care upon her heart, even heavier than usual, but the burden had overcome her strength: — wearied out with hopes, with fears, and, at the end, with disappointment and rage, she sunk at once into a deep slumber. But the more forgetfulness had then prevailed, the more powerful was the force of remembrance when she awoke. At first, so sound her sleep had been, that she had a difficulty in calling to mind why she was unhappy; but that she *was* unhappy she well recollected — when the

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cause

cause came to her memory, she would have slept again—but it was impossible.

Though her rest had been sound, it had not been refreshing—she was far from well, and sent word of her indisposition, as an apology for not being present at breakfast.—Lord Elmwood looked concerned when the message was delivered—Mr. Sandford shook his head.

“Miss Milner’s health is not good!” said Mrs. Horton a few minutes after.

Lord Elmwood laid down the newspaper to attend to her.

“To me, there is something very extraordinary about her!” continued Mrs. Horton, finding she had caught his Lordship’s attention.

“So there is to me!” added Sandford, with a sarcastic sneer.

“And

“ And so there is to me !” said Miss Woodley, with a serious face and a heart-felt sigh.

Lord Elmwood gazed by turns at each, as each delivered their sentiments—and when they were all silent, he looked bewildered, not knowing what judgment to form from any of these sentences.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Sandford withdrew to his own apartment: Mrs. Horton, in a little time, went to hers: Lord Elmwood and Miss Woodley were left alone. He immediately rose from his seat, and said,

“ I think, Miss Woodley, Miss Milner was extremely to blame, though I did not chuse to tell her so before Mr. Sandford, in giving Lord Frederick an opportunity of speaking to her, unless
G 2 she

she means that he shall renew his addresses."

"That, I am certain," replied Miss Woodley, "she does *not* mean — and I assure you, my Lord, seriously, it was by mere accident she saw him yesterday evening, or permitted his attendance upon her to her carriage."

"I am glad to hear it," he returned quickly; "for although I am not of a suspicious nature, yet in regard to her affection for him, I cannot but still have my doubts."

"You need have none, my Lord," replied Miss Woodley, with a smile of confidence.

"And yet you must own her behaviour has warranted them — has it not been in this particular incoherent and unaccountable?"

"The

“ The behaviour of a person in love, no doubt,” answered Miss Woodley.

“ Don’t I say so?” replied he warmly; “ and is not that a just reason for my suspicions?”

“ But is there only one man in the world on whom those suspicions can fix?” said Miss Woodley, with the colour mounting into her face.

“ Not that I know of—not one more that I know of,” he replied, with astonishment at what she had insinuated, and yet with a perfect assurance that she was in the wrong.

“ Perhaps I am mistaken,” answered she.

“ Nay, that is impossible too,” returned he with anxiety—“ You share her confidence—you are perpetually with her; and if she did not confide in you, (which I know, and rejoice that she

G 3 does)

does) you would yet be acquainted with all her inclinations."

"I believe I am *perfectly* acquainted with them," replied Miss Woodley, with a significance in her voice and manner which convinced him there was some secret to learn.

After a hesitation —

"It is far from me," replied he, "to wish to be entrusted with the private sentiments of those who desire to withhold them from me; much less would I take any unfair means to be informed of them.—To ask any more questions of you, I believe, would be unfair.—Yet I cannot but lament that I am not as well informed as you are.—I wish to prove my friendship to Miss Milner, but she will not suffer me—and every step that I take for her happiness, I take in the most perplexing uncertainty."

Miss

Miss Woodley sighed — but she did not speak.—He seemed to wait for her reply; but as she made none, he proceeded ——

“ If ever breach of confidence could be tolerated, I certainly know no occasion that would so justly authorise it as the present.—I am not only proper from character, but from circumstances, to be relied upon — my interest is so nearly connected with the interest, and my happiness with the happiness of my ward, that those principles, as well as my honour, would protect her against every peril arising from my being trusted.”

“ Oh! my Lord,” cried Miss Woodley, with a most forcible accent, “ You are the last person on earth she would pardon me for entrusting.”

“ Why so?” said he, warmly. “ But that is the way — the person who is our

friend we distrust — where a common interest is concerned, we are ashamed of drawing on a common danger — afraid of advice, though that advice is to save us. — Miss Woodley,” said he, changing his voice with excess of earnestness, “do you not believe, that I would do any thing to make Miss Milner happy?”

“Any thing in honour, my Lord.”

“She can desire nothing farther.” — He replied in agitation, “Are her desires so unwarrantable, that I cannot grant them?”

Miss Woodley again did not speak — and he continued —

“Great as my friendship is, there are certainly bounds to it — bounds that shall save her in spite of herself:” — and he raised his voice.

“In

“In the disposal of themselves,” resumed he, with a less vehement tone, “that great, that terrific disposal in marriage, (at which I have always looked with fear and dismay) there is no accounting for the rashness of a woman’s choice, or sometimes for the depravity of her taste.—But in such a case, Miss Milner’s election of a husband shall not direct mine.—If she does not know how to estimate her own value, I do.—Independent of her fortune, she has beauty to captivate the heart of any man; and with all her follies, she has a frankness in her manner, an unaffected wisdom in her thoughts, a vivacity in her conversation, and withal, a softness in her demeanour, that might alone engage the affections of a man of the nicest sentiments, and the strongest understanding.—I will not see all these qualities

lities and accomplishments debased.—It is my office to protect her from the consequences of a degrading choice, and I will.”

“ My Lord, Miss Milner’s taste is not a depraved one; it is but too refined.”

“ What can you mean by that, Miss Woodley? You talk mysteriously.—Is she not afraid that I will thwart her inclinations?”

“ She is sure that you will, my Lord.”

“ Then must the person be unworthy of her.”

Miss Woodley rose from her seat—she clasped her hands—every look and every gesture proved her alternate resolution and irresolution of proceeding.—Lord Elmwood’s attention was arrested before;

before; but now it was fixed to a degree which her extraordinary manner only could occasion.

“ My Lord,” said she, with a tremulous voice, “ promise me, declare to me, nay, swear to me, that it shall ever remain a secret in your own breast, and I will reveal to you, on whom she has placed her affections.”

This preparation made Lord Elmwood tremble, and he ran over instantly in his mind all the persons he could recollect, in order to arrive at the knowledge by thought, quicker than by words.—It was in vain he tried; and he once more turned his inquiring eyes upon Miss Woodley.—He saw her silent and covered with confusion.—Again he searched his own thoughts; nor ineffectually as before.—At the first glance, the
object

object was presented, and he beheld—*himself*.

The rapid emotion of varying passions, which immediately darted over his features, informed Miss Woodley that her secret was discovered—she hid her face, while the tears that fell down to her bosom, confirmed the truth of his suggestion, beyond what oaths could have done.—A short interval of silence followed, during which, she suffered tortures for the manner in which he would next address her—two seconds gave her this reply:

“For God’s sake take care what you are doing—you are destroying my prospects of futurity—you are making this world too dear to me.”

Her drooping head was then lifted up, and she caught the eye of Dorri-forth;

forth: she saw it beam expectation, amazement, joy, ardour, and love.—

Nay, there was a fire, a vehemence in the quick fascinating rays it sent forth, she never before had seen—it filled her with alarm — she wished him to love Miss Milner, but to love her with moderation.—Miss Woodley was too little versed in the subject, to know, this would have been not to love at all; at least, not to the extent of breaking through engagements, and all the various obstacles that still militated against their union.

Lord Elmwood was sensible of the embarrassment his presence gave Miss Woodley, and understood the reproaches which she seemed to vent upon herself in silence.—To relieve her from both, he laid his hand with force upon his heart, and said, “Do you believe me?”

“I do,

“ I do, my Lord,” she answered, trembling.

“ I will make no unjust use of what I know,” he replied with firmness.

“ I believe you, my Lord.”

“ But for what my passions now dictate,” continued he, “ I will not answer.—They are confused—they are triumphant at present.—I have never yet, however, been vanquished by them; and even upon this occasion, my reason shall combat them to the last—and my reason shall fail me, before I do wrong.”

He was going to leave the room—she followed him, and cried, “ But, my Lord, how shall I see again the unhappy object of my treachery ?”

“ See her,” replied he, “ as one to whom you meant no injury, and to whom you have done none.”

“ But she would account it an injury.”

“ We are not judges of what belongs to ourselves,” he replied — “ I am transported at the tidings you have revealed, and yet, perhaps, I had better never have heard them.”

Miss Woodley was going to say something farther, but as if incapable of attending to her, he hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS Woodley stood for some time to consider which way she was to go.—The first person she met, would enquire why she had been weeping? and if Miss Milner was to ask the question, in what words could she tell, or in what manner deny the truth?—To avoid her was her first caution, and she took the only method; she had a hackney-coach ordered, rode several miles out of town, and returned to dinner with so little remains of her swollen eyes, that complaining of the head-ach was a sufficient excuse for them.

Miss

Miss Milner was enough recovered to be present at dinner, though she scarce tasted a morsel. Lord Elmwood did not dine at home, at which Miss Woodley rejoiced, but at which Mr. Sandford appeared highly disappointed. — He asked the servants several times, what he said when he went out? They replied, “Nothing more than that he should not be at home to dinner.” — “I can’t imagine where he dines?” said Sandford. — “Bless me, Mr. Sandford, can’t you guess?” (cried Mrs. Horton, who by this time was made acquainted with his intended marriage) “He dines with Miss Fenton to be sure.” — “No,” replied Sandford, “he is not there; I came from thence just now, and they had not seen him all day.” — Poor Miss Milner, on this, ate something; for

where we hope for nothing, we receive small indulgencies with joy.

Notwithstanding the anxiety and trouble under which Miss Woodley had laboured all the morning, her heart for many weeks had not felt so light as it did this day at dinner.—The confidence that she reposed in the promises of Lord Elmwood—the firm reliance she had upon his delicacy and his justice—the unabated kindness with which her friend received her, while she knew that no one suspicious thought had taken harbour in her bosom—and the conscious integrity of her own intentions, though she might have been misled by her judgment, all comforted her with the hope, she had done nothing she ought to wish recalled.—But although she felt thus tranquil, in respect to what she had divulged,
yet

yet she was a good deal embarrassed with the dread of next seeing Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner, not having spirits to go abroad, passed the evening at home.—She read part of a new opera, played upon her guitar, mused, sighed, occasionally talked with Miss Woodley, and so passed the tedious hours till near ten, when Mrs. Horton asked Mr. Sandford to play a game at piquet, and on his excusing himself, Miss Milner offered in his stead, and was gladly accepted.—They had just begun to play when Lord Elmwood came into the room—Miss Milner's countenance immediately brightened, and though she was in a negligent morning dress, and looked paler than usual, she did not look less beautiful.—Miss Woodley was leaning on

the back of her chair to observe the game, and Mr. Sandford sat reading one of the Fathers at the other side of the fire place. Lord Elmwood, as he advanced to the table, bowed, not having seen the ladies since the morning, or Miss Milner that day: they returned the salute, and he was going up to Miss Milner, (as if to enquire of her health) when Mr. Sandford, laying down his book, said,

“ My Lord, where have you been all day?”

“ I have been very busy,” replied he, and walking from the card-table, went up to him.

Miss Milner played one card for another.

“ You have been at Mr. Fenton’s this evening, I suppose?” said Sandford.

“ No; not at all to-day.”

I

“ How

“How came that about, my Lord?”

Miss Milner played the ace of diamonds, instead of the king of hearts.

“I shall call to-morrow,” answered Lord Elmwood; and then walking with a very ceremonious air up to Miss Milner, said, “He hoped she was perfectly recovered.”

Mrs. Horton begged her “To mind what she was about.”

She replied, “I am much better, Sir.”

He then returned to Sandford again; but never, during all this time, did his eye once encounter Miss Woodley's; and she, with equal care, avoided his.

Some cold dishes were now brought up for supper—Miss Milner lost her deal, and the game ended.

As they were arranging themselves at the supper-table, "Do, Miss Milner," said Mrs. Horton, "have something warm for your supper; a chicken boiled, or something of that kind; you have eat nothing to-day."

With feelings of humanity, and apparently no other sensation—but never did he feel his philanthropy so forcible—Lord Elmwood said, "Let me beg of you, Miss Milner, to have something provided for you."

The earnestness and emphasis with which these few words were pronounced, were more flattering than the finest turned compliment would have been; her gratitude was expressed in blushes, and by assuring him she was now "So well, as to sup on the dishes before her."—She spoke, however, and had not made the trial; for the moment she carried a morsel to her
lips,

lips, she laid it on her plate again, and turned paler, from the vain endeavour to force her appetite. Lord Elmwood had always been attentive to her; but now he watched her as he would a child; and when he saw by her struggles that she could not eat, he took her plate from her; gave her something else; and all with a care and watchfulness in his looks, as if he had been a tender-hearted boy, and she his darling bird, the loss of which would embitter all the joy of his holidays.

This attention had something in it so tender, so officious, and yet so sincere, that it brought the tears into Miss Woodley's eyes, attracted the notice of Mr. Sandford, and the observation of Mrs. Horton; while the heart of Miss Milner

overflowed with a gratitude, that gave place to no sentiment except her love.

To relieve the anxiety which her guardian expressed, she endeavoured to appear cheerful, and that anxiety, at length, really made her so.—He now pressed her to take one glass of wine with such solicitude, that he seemed to say a thousand things besides.—Sandford still made his observations, and being unused to conceal his thoughts before the present company, he said bluntly,

“ Miss Fenton was indisposed the other night, my Lord, and you did not seem half thus anxious about her.”

Had Sandford laid all Lord Elmwood's estate at Miss Milner's feet, or presented her with that eternal bloom
which

which adorns the face of a goddess, he would have done less to endear himself to her, than by this one sentence — she looked at him with a most benign countenance, and felt affliction that she had ever offended him.

“ Miss Fenton,” Lord Elmwood replied, “ has a brother with her: her health and happiness are in *his* care — Miss Milner’s are in mine.”

“ Mr. Sandford,” said Miss Milner, “ I am afraid that I behaved uncivilly to you last night — will you accept of an atonement?”

“ No, Madam,” returned he, “ I accept no expiation without amendment.”

“ Well, then,” said she, smiling, “ suppose I promise never to offend you again, what then?”

“ Why then, you’ll break your promise.”

“ Do

“Do not promise him,” said Lord Elmwood, “for he means to provoke you to it.”

In the like conversation the evening passed, and Miss Milner retired to rest in far better spirits than her morning's prospect had given her the least pretence to hope. Miss Woodley, too, had cause to be well pleased; but her pleasure was in great measure eclipsed by the reflection, that there was such a person as Miss Fenton—she wished she had been equally acquainted with her's as with Miss Milner's heart, and she would then have acted without injustice to either; but Miss Fenton had of late shunned their society, and even in their company was of a temper too reserved ever to discover her mind; — Miss Woodley was obliged,

obliged, therefore, to act to the best of her own judgment only, and leave all events to Providence.

CHAPTER VII.

WITHIN a few days, in the house of Lord Elmwood, every thing, and every person, wore a new face.—He, was the professed lover of Miss Milner—she, the happiest of human beings — Miss Woodley partaking in the joy — Mr. Sandford lamenting, with the deepest concern, that Miss Fenton had been supplanted; and what added poignantly to his concern was, that she had been supplanted by Miss Milner. — Though a churchman, he bore his disappointment with the impatience of one of the laity: he could hardly speak to Lord Elmwood; he would not look at Miss Milner, and was displeased with every one. —It

—It was his intention, when he first became acquainted with Lord Elmwood's resolution, to quit his house; and as the Earl had, with the utmost degree of inflexibility, resisted all his good counsel upon this subject, he resolved, in quitting him, never to be his adviser again.

—But, in preparing to leave his friend, his pupil, his patron, and yet him, who, upon most occasions, implicitly obeyed his will, the spiritual got the better of the temporal man, and he determined to stay, lest in totally abandoning him to the pursuit of his own passions, he should make his punishment even greater than his offence.—“My Lord,” said he, “on the stormy sea, upon which you are embarked, though you will not shun the rocks that your faithful pilot would point out, he will, nevertheless, sail in your company,

company, and lament over your watery grave. The more you flight my advice, the more you want it; so that, until you command me to leave your house, (as I suppose you will soon do, to oblige your Lady) I will continue along with you."

Lord Elmwood liked him sincerely, and was glad that he took this resolution; yet as soon as his reason and affections had once told him that he ought to break with Miss Fenton, and marry his ward, he became so decidedly of this opinion, that Sandford's never had the most trivial weight; nor would he even flatter the supposed authority he possessed over him, by urging him to remain in his house a single day, contrary to his inclinations. Sandford observed, with grief, this firmness; but finding it vain
to

to contend, submitted — not, however, with a good grace.

Amidst all the persons affected by this change in Lord Elmwood's marriage-designs, Miss Fenton was, perhaps, affected the least—she would have been content to have married, she was content to live single.—Mr. Sandford had been the first who made overtures to her on the part of Lord Elmwood, and was the first sent to ask her to dispense with the obligation—She received both of these proposals with the same insipid smile of approbation, and the same cold indifference at the heart.

It was a perfect knowledge of this disposition in his intended wife which had given to Lord Elmwood's thoughts on matrimony, the idea of dreary winter;
but

but the sensibility of Miss Milner had now reversed that prospect into perpetual spring; or the dearer variety of spring, summer, and autumn.

It was a knowledge also of this torpor in Miss Fenton's nature, from which he formed the purpose of breaking with her; for Lord Elmwood still retained enough of the sanctity of his former state to have yielded up his own happiness, and even that of his beloved ward, rather than have plunged one heart into affliction by his perfidy. This, before he offered his hand to Miss Milner, he was perfectly convinced would not be the case—even Miss Fenton herself assured him, that her thoughts were more upon the joys of Heaven than upon those of earth; and as this circumstance would, she believed, induce her to retire into a convent, she thought it a happy, rather than an unhappy, event.

event.—Her brother, on whom her fortune devolved if she took this resolution, was exactly of her opinion.

Lost in the maze of happiness that surrounded her, Miss Milner oftentimes asked her heart, and her heart whispered like a flatterer, “Yes;” Are not my charms even more invincible than I ever believed them to be?—Dorrieforth, the grave, the pious, the anchorite Dorrieforth, by their force, is animated to all the ardour of the most impassioned lover—while the proud priest, the austere guardian is humbled, if I but frown, into the veriest slave of love.—She then asked, “Why did I not keep him longer in suspense? He could not have loved me more, I believe: but my power over him might have been greater

still.—I am the happiest of women in the affection he has proved to me, but I wonder whether it would exist under ill-treatment? If it would not, he still does not love me as I wish to be loved—if it would, my triumph, my felicity, would be enhanced.” — These thoughts were mere phantoms of the brain, and never, by system, put into action; but, repeatedly indulged, they were practised by casual occurrences; and the dear-bought experiment of being loved in spite of her faults, (a glory proud women ever aspire to) was, at present, the ambition of Miss Milner.

Unthinking woman! she did not reflect, that to the searching eye of Lord Elmwood, she had faults, with her utmost care to conceal or overcome them,
sufficient

sufficient to try all his love, and all his patience. But what female is not fond of experiments? To which, how few do not fall a sacrifice!

Perfectly secure in the affections of the man she loved, her declining health no longer threatened her: her declining spirits returned as before; and the suspicions of her guardian being now changed to the liberal confidence of a doating lover, she again professed all her former follies, all her fashionable levities, and indulged them with less restraint than ever.

For a while, blinded by his passion, Lord Elmwood encouraged and admired every new proof of her restored happiness; nor till sufferance had tempted her beyond her usual bounds, did he remon-

strate.—But she, who, as his ward, had been ever gentle, and (when he strenuously opposed) always obedient; became, as a mistress, sometimes haughty, and, to opposition, always insolent.—He was surprised, but the novelty pleased him.—And Miss Milner, whom he tenderly loved, could put on no change, or appear in no new character that did not, for the time she adopted it, seem to become her.

Among the many causes of complaint which she gave him, want of œconomy, in the disposal of her income, was one. Bills and drafts came upon him without number, while the account, on her part, of money expended, amounted chiefly to articles of dress that she sometimes never wore, toys that were out of fashion before they were paid for, and charities directed

rected by the force of whim.—Another complaint was, as usual, extreme late hours, and often company that he did not approve.

She was charmed to see his love struggling with his censure — his politeness with his anxiety—and by the light, frivolous, or resentful manner in which she treated his admonitions, she triumphed in shewing to Miss Woodley, and, more especially to Mr. Sandford, how much she dared upon the strength of his affections.

Every thing in preparation for their marriage, which was to take place at Elmwood House during the summer months, she resolved for the short time she had to remain in London to let no occasion pass of tasting all those plea-

fures that were not likely ever to return; but which, though eager as she was in their pursuit, she never placed in competition with those she hoped would succeed — those more sedate and superior joys, of domestic and conjugal happiness. — Often, merely to hasten on the tedious hours that intervened, she varied and diverted them, with the many recreations her intended husband could not approve.

It so happened, and it was unfortunate it did, that a law-suit concerning some possessions in the West Indies, and other intricate affairs that came with his title and estate, frequently kept Lord Elmwood from his house part of the day; sometimes the whole evening; and when at home, would often closet him for hours with his lawyers. — But while he was thus off his guard, Sandford never

ver was—and had Miss Milner been the dearest thing on earth to him, he could not have watched her more narrowly; or had she been the frailest thing on earth, he could not have been more hard upon her, in all the accounts of her conduct he gave to her guardian.—Lord Elmwood knew, on the other hand, that Sandford's failing was to think ill of Miss Milner—he pitied him for it, and he pitied her for it—and in all the aggravation which his representations gave to her real follies, affection for them both, in the heart of Dorriforth, stood between that and every other impression.

But facts are glaring; and he, at length, beheld those faults in their true colours, though previously pointed out by the prejudice of Mr. Sandford.

As soon as Sandford perceived his friend's uneasiness, "There, my Lord!" cried he, exultingly, "did I not always say the marriage was an improper one? — but you would not be ruled — you would not see."

"Can you blame *me* for not seeing," replied his Lordship, "when *you* were blind? — Had you been dispassionate, had you seen Miss Milner's virtues as well as her faults, I should have believed, and been guided by you—but you saw her failings only, and therein have been equally deceived with me, who have only beheld her perfections."

"My observations, however, my Lord, would have been of most use to you; for I have seen what to avoid."

"But mine have been the most gratifying,"

“fying,” replied he; “for I have seen—what I must always love.”

Sandford sighed, and lifted up his hands.

“Mr. Sandford,” resumed Lord Elmwood, with a voice and manner such as he used to put on when not all the power of Sandford, or of any other, could change his fixed determination, “Mr. Sandford, my eyes are now open to every failing, as well as to every accomplishment; to every vice, as well as to every virtue of Miss Milner; nor will I suffer myself to be again prepossessed in her favour, by your prejudice against her—for I believe it was compassion at your unkind treatment, that first gained her my heart.”

“I, my Lord?” cried Sandford;
“do not load me with the burthen—
1 with

with the mighty burthen of your love for her."

"Do not interrupt me.—Whatever your meaning has been, the effect of it is what I have described.—Now, I will no longer," continued he, "have an enemy, such as you have been, to heighten her charms, which are too transcendent in their native state. I will hear no more complaints against her, but I will watch her closely myself—and if I find her mind and heart (such as my suspicions have of late whispered) too frivolous for that substantial happiness I look for with an object so beloved, depend upon my word—the marriage shall yet be broken off."

"I depend upon your word; it *will* then,"—replied Sandford eagerly.

"You are unjust, Sir, in saying so before the trial," replied Lord Elmwood,

wood, "and your injustice shall make me more cautious, lest I follow your example."

"But, my Lord——"

"My mind is made up, Mr. Sandford," returned he, interrupting him; "I am no longer engaged to Miss Milner than she shall deserve I should be—but, in my strict observations upon her conduct, I will take care not to wrong her as you have done."

"My Lord, call my observations wrong, when you have reflected upon them as a man, and not as a lover—divest yourself of your passion, and meet me upon equal ground."

"I will meet no one—I will consult no one—my own judgment shall be the judge, and in a few months marry, or—*banish me from her for ever.*"

There

There was something in these last words, in the tone and firmness with which they were delivered, that the heart of Sandford rested upon with content—they bore the symptoms of a menace that would be executed ; and he parted from his patron with congratulations upon his wisdom, and with giving him the warmest assurances of his firm reliance on his *word*.

Lord Elmwood having come to this resolution, was more composed than he had been for several days before ; while the horror of domestic wrangles—a family without subordination—a house without œconomy—in a word, a wife without discretion, had been perpetually present to his mind.

Mr.

Mr. Sandford, although he was a man of understanding, of learning, and a complete casuist, yet all the faults he himself committed, were entirely—for want of knowing better.—He constantly reproved faults in others, and he was most assuredly too good a man not to have corrected and amended his own, had they been known to him—but they were not—He had been for so long a time the superior of all with whom he lived, had been so busied with instructing others, that he had not recollected that himself wanted instructions—and in such awe did his habitual severity keep all about him, that although he had numerous friends, not one told him of his failings—except just now Lord Elmwood, but whom, in this instance, as a man in love, he would not credit.—Was there not then some reason for him

to

to suppose he *had* no faults?—his enemies, indeed, hinted that he had, but enemies he never harkened to; and thus, with all his good sense, wanted the sense to follow the rule, *Believe what your enemies say of you, rather than what is said by your friends*. This rule attended to, would make a thousand people amiable, who are now the reverse; and would have made *him* a perfectly upright character. — For could an enemy, to whom he would have listened, have whispered to Sandford as he left Lord Elmwood, “Cruel, barbarous man! you go a way with your heart satisfied, nay, even elated, in the prospect that Miss Milner’s hopes, on which she alone exists, those hopes which keep her from the deepest affliction, and cherish her with joy and gladness, will all be disappointed.—You flatter yourself it is for
the

the fake of your friend, Lord Elmwood, that you rejoice, and because he has escaped a danger.—You wish him well ; but there is another cause for your exultation which you will not seek to know—it is, that in his safety, shall dwell the punishment of his ward.—For shame ! for shame ! forgive her faults, as this of yours requires to be forgiven.”

Had any one said this to Sandford, whom he would have credited, or had his own heart suggested it, he was a man of that rectitude and conscientiousness; that he would have returned immediately to Lord Elmwood, and have strengthened all his favourable opinions of his intended wife—but having no such monitor, he walked on, highly contented, and meeting Miss Woodley, said, with an air of triumph,

“ Where’s

“Where’s your friend?—where’s Lady Elmwood?”

Miss Woodley smiled, and answered—
She was gone with such and such ladies to an auction.—“But why give her that title already, Mr. Sandford?”

“Because,” answered he, “I think she will never have it.”

“Bless me, Mr. Sandford,” said Miss Woodley, “you shock me!”

“I thought I should,” replied he, “and therefore I told it you.”

“For Heaven’s sake what has happened?”

“Nothing new — her indiscretions only.”

“I know she is imprudent,” said Miss Woodley—“I can see that her conduct is often exceptionable — but then Lord Elmwood surely loves her, and love will overlook a great deal.”

“He

“ He *does* love her—but he has understanding and resolution.—He loved his sister too, tenderly loved her, and yet when he had taken the resolution, and passed his word that he would never see her again—even upon her death-bed he would not retract it—no entreaties could prevail upon him.—And now, though he maintains, and I dare say loves, her child, yet you remember, when you brought him home, that he would not suffer him in his fight.”

“ Poor Miss Milner !” said Miss Woodley, in the most pitying accents.

“ Nay,” said Sandford, “ Lord Elmwood has not *yet* passed his word, that he will never see her more—he has only threatened to do it ;—but I know enough of him to know, that his threats are generally the same as if they were executed.”

“ You are very good,” said Miss Woodley, “ to acquaint me of this in time—I may now warn Miss Milner of it, and she may observe more circumspection.”

“ By no means,” cried Sandford, hastily—“ What would you warn her for? —It will do her no good—besides,” added he, “ I don’t know whether Lord Elmwood does not expect secrecy on my part; and if he does——”

“ But, with all deference to your opinion,” said Miss Woodley, (and with all deference did she speak) “ don’t you think, Mr. Sandford, that secrecy upon this occasion would be wicked? For consider the anguish that it may occasion to my friend; and if, by advising her, we can save her from——” She was going on.——

“ You

“ You may call it wicked, Madam, not to inform her of what I have hinted at,” cried he; “ but I call a breach of confidence—if it *was* divulged to me in confidence——”

He was going to explain; but Miss Milner entered, and put an end to the discourse. — She had been passing the whole morning at an auction, and had laid out near two hundred pounds in different things for which she had no one use, but bought them because they were said to be cheap—among the rest was a lot of books upon chemistry, and some Latin authors.

“ Why, Madam,” cried Sandford, looking over the catalogue where her purchases were marked by a pencil, “ do you know what you have done?— You can’t read a word of these books.”

“ Can’t I, Mr. Sandford?—But I as-

sure you that you will be very much pleased with them, when you see how elegantly they are bound."

"My dear," said Mrs. Horton, "why have you bought china? You and my Lord Elmwood have more now, than you have places to put them in."

"Very true, Mrs. Horton—I forgot that—but then you know I can give these away."

Lord Elmwood was in the room at the conclusion of this conversation—he shook his head and sighed.

"My Lord," said she, "I have had a very agreeable morning; but I wished for you—if you had been with me, I should have bought a great many other things; but I did not like to appear unreasonable in your absence."

Sandford fixed his inquisitive eyes
upon

upon Lord Elmwood, to observe his countenance — he smiled, but appeared thoughtful.

“ And, oh ! my Lord, I have bought you a present,” said she.

“ I do not wish for a present, Miss Milner.”

“ What not from me ?—Very well.”

“ If you present me with yourself, it is all that I ask.”

Sandford moved upon his chair, as if he sat uneasy.

“ Why then, Miss Woodley,” said Miss Milner, “ *you* shall have the present. —But then it wont suit you — it is for a gentleman.—I’ll keep it and give it to my Lord Frederick the first time I meet with him. — I saw him this morning, and he looked divinely — I longed to speak to him.”

Miss Woodley cast, by stealth, an eye of apprehension upon Lord Elmwood's face, and trembled at seeing it flushed with resentment.

Sandford stared with both his eyes full upon him: then threw himself upright on his chair, and took a pinch of snuff upon the strength of the Earl's uneasiness.

A silence ensued.

After a short time—"You all appear melancholy," said Miss Milner: "I wish I had not come home yet."

Miss Woodley was in agony—she saw Lord Elmwood's extreme displeasure, and dreaded lest he should express it by some words he could not recall, or she could not forgive—therefore, whispering to her she had something particular to say, she took her out of the room.

The

The moment she was gone, Mr. Sandford rose nimbly from his seat, rubbed his hands, walked briskly across the room, then asked Lord Elmwood in a cheerful tone, "Whether he dined at home to-day?"

That which had given Sandford cheerfulness, had so depressed Lord Elmwood, that he sat dejected and silent.— At length he answered in a faint voice, "No, I believe I shall *not* dine at home."

"Where is your Lordship going to dine?" asked Mrs. Horton; "I thought we should have had your company to-day; Miss Milner dines at home, I believe."

"I have not yet determined where I shall dine," replied he, taking no notice of the conclusion of her speech.

“ My Lord, if you mean to go to the hotel, I'll go with you, if you please,” cried Sandford officiously.

“ With all my heart, Sandford—” and they both went out together, before Miss Milner returned to the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS Woodley, for the first time, disobeyed the will of Mr. Sandford; and as soon as Miss Milner and she were alone, repeated all he had revealed to her; accompanying the recital, with her usual testimonies of sympathy and affection.—But had the genius of Sandford presided over this discovery, it could not have influenced the mind of Miss Milner to receive the intelligence with a temper more exactly the opposite of that which it was the intention of the informer to recommend. Instead of shuddering at the menace Lord Elmwood had uttered, she said, she “Dared him
to

to perform it." "He dares not," repeated she.

"Why dares not?" said Miss Woodley.

"Because he loves me too well—because his own happiness is too dear to him."

"I believe he loves you," replied Miss Woodley, "and yet there is a doubt if——"

"There shall be no longer a doubt,"—cried Miss Milner, "I'll put him to the proof,"

"For shame, my dear! you talk inconsiderately—what can you mean by proof?"

"I mean I will do something that no prudent man *ought* to forgive; and yet, with all his vast share of prudence, *he* shall forgive it, and make a sacrifice of just resentment to partial affection."

"But

“ But if you should be disappointed, and he should *not* make the sacrifice ?” said Miss Woodley.

“ Then I have only lost a man who had no regard for me.”

“ He may have a great regard for you, notwithstanding.”

“ But for the love I have felt, and do still feel, for my Lord Elmwood, I will have something more than a *great regard* in return.”

“ You have his love, I am sure.”

“ But is it such as mine ? — *I* could love *him* if he had a thousand faults.— And yet,” said she, recollecting herself, “ and yet, I believe his being faultless, was the first cause of my passion.”

Thus she talked on — sometimes in anger, sometimes apparently jesting—till her servant came to let her know the dinner

dinner was served.—Upon entering the dining-room, and seeing Lord Elmwood's place at table vacant, she started back. She was disappointed of the pleasure she expected in dining with him; and his sudden absence, so immediately after the intelligence that she had received from Miss Woodley, increased her uneasiness.—She drew her chair, and sat down with an indifference, that said she should not eat; and as soon as she was seated, she put her fingers fullenly to her lips, nor touched her knife and fork, nor spoke a word in reply to any thing that was said to her during the whole dinner.—Miss Woodley and Mrs. Horton were both too well acquainted with the good disposition of her heart, to take offence, or appear to notice this behaviour. — They dined, and said nothing either to provoke or sooth her.—

Just

Just as the dinner was going to be removed, a loud rap came at the door—
“Who is that?” said Mrs. Horton.—
One of the servants went to the window, and answered, “My Lord and Mr. Sandford, Madam.”

“Come back to dinner as I live,” cried Mrs. Horton.—

Miss Milner continued her position and said nothing—but at the corners of her mouth, which her fingers did not entirely cover, there were discoverable, a thousand dimpled graces like small convulsive fibres, which a restrained smile upon Lord Elmwood’s return, had sent there.

Lord Elmwood and Sandford entered.

“I am glad you are returned, my Lord,” said Mrs. Horton, “for Miss Milner would not eat a morsel.”

“It

“ It was only because I had no appetite,” returned she, blushing like crimson.

“ We should not have come back,” said Sandford, “ but at the place where we went to dine, all the rooms were filled with company.”

Lord Elmwood put the wing of a fowl on Miss Milner’s plate, but without previously asking if she chose any ; yet she condescended to eat—they spoke to each other too in the course of conversation, but it was with a reserve that appeared as if they had been quarrelling, and felt so to themselves, though no such circumstance had happened.

Two weeks passed away in this kind of distant behaviour on both sides, without either of them venturing a direct quarrel, and without either of them expressing

pressing (except inadvertently) their strong affection for each other.

During this time they were once, however, very near becoming the dearest friends in expression, as well as in sentiment.—This arose from a favour that he granted, in compliance with her desire, though that desire had not been urged, but merely insinuated; and as it was a favour which he had refused to the repeated requests of many of his friends, the value of the obligation was heightened.

She and Miss Woodley had taken an airing to see the poor child, young Rushbrook. Lord Elmwood inquiring of the ladies how they had passed their morning, Miss Milner frankly told him; and added, “What pain it gave her to
I leave

leave the child behind, as he had again cried to come away with her."

"Go for him then to-morrow," said Lord Elmwood, "and bring him home."

"Home!" she repeated, with surprise.

"Yes," replied he, "if you desire it, this shall be his home—you shall be a mother, and I will, henceforward, be a father to him."

Sandford, who was present, looked unusually frowning at this high token of regard for Miss Milner; yet, with resentment on his face, he wiped a tear of joy from his eye, for the boy's sake—his frown was the force of prejudice, his tear the force of nature.

Rushbrook was brought home; and whenever Lord Elmwood wished to shew a kindness to Miss Milner, without directing

recting it immediately to her, he took his nephew upon his knee, talked to him, and told him, he “ Was glad they had become acquainted.”

In the various, though delicate, struggles for power between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was not one person a witness to these incidents, who did not suppose, that all would at last end in wedlock — for the most common observer perceived, that ardent love was the foundation of every discontent, as well as of every joy they experienced.—One great incident, however, totally reversed the hope of all future accommodation.

The fashionable Mrs. G—— gave a masked ball; tickets were presented to persons of quality and fashion; among the rest, three were sent to Miss Mil-

ner.—She had never been at a masquerade, and received them with ecstasy—the more especially, as the masque being at the house of a woman of fashion, she did not conceive there could be any objection to her going.—She was mistaken—the moment she mentioned it to Lord Elmwood, he desired her, somewhat sternly, “Not to think of being there.”—She was vexed at the prohibition, but more at the manner in which it was delivered, and boldly said, “That she should certainly go.”

She expected a rebuke for this, but what alarmed her much more, he said not a word; but looked with a resignation, which foreboded her sorrow greater than the severest reproaches would have done.—She sat for a minute, reflecting how to rouse him from this composure—the first thought of attacking him with upbraid-

upbraidings; then she thought of soothing him; and at last of laughing at him. — This was the most dangerous of all, and yet, this she ventured upon.

“ I am sure your Lordship,” said she, “ with all your faintliness, can have no objection to my being present at the masquerade, if I go as a Nun.”

He made no reply.

“ That is a habit,” continued she, “ which covers a multitude of faults—and, for that evening, I may have the chance of making a conquest even of you—nay, I question not, if under that inviting attire, even the pious Mr. Sandford would not ogle me.”

“ Hush !” said Miss Woodley.

“ Why hush ?” cried Miss Milner, aloud, though Miss Woodley had spoken in a whisper, “ I am sure,” continued she, “ I am only repeating what

I have read in books about nuns and their confessors."

"Your conduct, Miss Milner," replied Lord Elmwood, "gives evident proofs of the authors you have read; you may spare yourself the trouble of quoting them."

Her pride was hurt at this, beyond bearing; and as she could not, like him, govern her anger, it flushed in her face, and almost forced her into tears.

"My Lord," said Miss Woodley, (in a tone so soft and peaceful, that it should have calmed the resentment of both,) "my Lord, suppose you were to accompany Miss Milner? there are tickets for three, and you can then have no objection."

Miss Milner's brow was immediately smoothed; and she fetched a sigh, in
anxious

anxious expectation that he would consent.

“ I go, Miss Woodley ?” he replied, with astonishment, “ Do you imagine I would play the buffoon at a masquerade ?”

Miss Milner’s face changed into its former state.

“ I have seen grave characters there, my Lord,” said Miss Woodley.

“ Dear Miss Woodley,” cried Miss Milner, “ why persuade Lord Elmwood to put on a mask, just at the time he has laid it aside ?”

His patience was now tempted to its height, and he answered, “ If you suspect me of inconsistency, Madam, you shall find me changed.”

Pleased that she had been able at last to irritate him, she smiled with a degree of triumph, and in that humour was

going to reply ; but before she could speak four words, and before she thought of it, he abruptly left the room.

She was highly offended at this insult, and declared, " From that moment she banished him from her heart for ever." And to prove that she set his love and his anger at equal defiance, she immediately ordered her carriage, and said, she " Was going to some of her acquaintance, whom she knew to have tickets, and with whom she would fix upon the habit she was to appear in at the masquerade ; for nothing, unless she was locked up, should alter the resolution she had formed, of being there." To remonstrate at that moment, Miss Woodley knew would be in vain—her
coach

coach came to the door, and she drove away.

She did not return to dinner, nor till it was late in the evening; Lord Elmwood was at home, but he never once mentioned her name.

She came home, after he had retired, in great spirits; and then, for the first time, in her whole life, appeared careless what he might think of her behaviour:—but her whole thoughts were occupied upon the business which had employed the chief of her day; and her dress engrossed all her conversation, as soon as Miss Woodley and she were alone. — She told her, she had been shewn the greatest variety of beautiful and becoming dresses she had ever beheld; “and yet,” said she, “I have at last fixed upon a very plain one; but

one I look so well in, that you will hardly know me, when I have it on."

"You are seriously then resolved to go," said Miss Woodley, "if you hear no more on the subject from your guardian?"

"Whether I do hear or not, Miss Woodley, I am equally resolved to go."

"But you know, my dear, he has desired you not—and you used always to obey his commands."

"As my guardian, I certainly did obey him; and I could obey him as a husband; but as a lover, I will not."

"Yet that is the way never to have him for a husband."

"As he pleases—for if he will not submit to be my lover, I will not submit to be his wife—nor has he the affection that I require in a husband."

Thus,

Thus the old sentiments, repeated again and again, prevented a separation till towards morning.

Miss Milner, for that night, dreamed less of her guardian than of the masquerade. On the evening of the next day it was to be — she was up early, breakfasted in her dressing room, and remained there most of the day, busied in a thousand preparations for the night; one of them was, to take every particle of powder out of her hair, and have it curled all over in falling ringlets. Her next care was, that her dress should exactly fit, and display her fine person to the best advantage — it did so. — Miss Woodley entered as it was trying on, and was all astonishment at the elegance of the habit, and its beautiful effect upon
her

her graceful person; but, most of all, she was astonished at her venturing on such a character—for though it represented the goddess of Chastity, yet from the buskins, and the petticoat festooned far above the ankle, it had, on a first glance, the appearance of a female much less virtuous. — Miss Woodley admired this dress, yet objected to it; but as she admired first, her objections after had no weight.

“Where is Lord Elmwood?” said Miss Milner — “he must not see me.”

“No, for heaven’s sake,” cried Miss Woodley, “I would not have him see you in such a disguise for the universe.”

“And yet,” returned the other, with a sigh, “why am I then thus pleased with my dress? for I had rather he should
admire

admire me than all the world besides, and yet he is not to see me in it."

"But he would not admire you so dressed," said Miss Woodley.

"How shall I contrive to avoid him," said Miss Milner, "if in the evening he should offer to hand me into my carriage?—But I believe he will not be in good humour enough for that."

"You had better dress at the house of the ladies with whom you go," said Miss Woodley; and this was agreed upon.

At dinner they learnt that Lord Elmwood was to go that evening to Windsor, in order to be in readiness for the king's hunt early in the morning. This intelligence having dispersed Miss Milner's fears, she concluded upon dressing at home.

Lord

Lord Elmwood appeared at dinner, in an even, but not in a good temper; — the subject of the masquerade was never brought up, nor indeed was it once in his thoughts; for though he was offended at his ward's behaviour on the occasion, and considered that she committed a fault in telling him, “She would go,” yet he never suspected she meant to do so, not even at the time she said it, much less that she would persist, coolly and deliberately, in so direct a contradiction to his will.—She, for her part, flattered herself, that his going to Windsor, was intended in order to give her an opportunity of passing the evening as she pleased, without his being obliged to know of it, and consequently to complain.—Miss Woodley, who was willing

to

to hope as she wished, began to be of the same opinion; and, without reluctance, dressed herself as a wood nymph to accompany her friend.

CHAPTER IX.

AT half after eleven, Miss Milner's chair, and another with Miss Woodley, took them from Lord Elmwood's, to call upon the party (wood-nymphs and huntresses) who were to accompany them, and make up the suit of Diana.

They had not left the house two minutes, when a thundering rap came at the door—it was Lord Elmwood in a post chaise.—Upon some occasion the next day's hunt was deferred: he had been made acquainted with it, and came from Windsor at that late hour.—After he had informed Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sand-

Sandford, who were sitting together, of the cause of his sudden return, and had supper ordered for him, he inquired, "What company had just left the house?"

"We have been alone the whole evening, my Lord," replied Mrs. Horton.

"Nay," returned he, "I saw two chairs, with several servants, come out of the door as I drove up, but what livery I could not discern."

"We have had no creature here," repeated Mrs. Horton.

"Nor has Miss Milner had visitors?" asked he.

This brought Mrs. Horton to her recollection, and she cried, "Oh! now I know;"—and then checked herself, as if she knew too much.

"What do you know, Madam?" said he, sharply.

“ Nothing,”—said Mrs. Horton, “ I know nothing—” and she lifted up her hands and shook her head.

“ So all people say, who know a great deal,” cried Sandford, “ and I suspect that is at present your case.”

“ Then I know more than I wish, I am sure, Mr. Sandford,” returned she, shrugging up her shoulders.

Lord Elmwood was all impatience.

“ Explain, Madam, explain.”

“ Dear my Lord,” said she, “ if your Lordship will recollect, you may just have the same knowledge that I have.”

“ Recollect what ?” said he sternly.

“ The quarrel you and your ward had about the masquerade.”

“ What of that ? she is not gone there ?” he cried.

“ I am

“ I am not sure she is,” returned Mrs. Horton; “ but if your Lordship saw two sedan chairs going out of this house, I cannot but suspect it must be Miss Milner and my niece going to the masquerade.”

He made no answer, but rang the bell violently. — A servant entered. — “ Send Miss Milner’s maid hither,” said he, “ immediately.” — The man withdrew.

“ Nay, my Lord,” cried Mrs. Horton, “ any of the other servants could tell you just as well, whether Miss Milner is at home, or gone out.”

“ Perhaps not,” replied he.

The maid entered.

“ Where is your mistress?” said Lord Elmwood.

The woman had received no orders to conceal where the ladies were gone, and

yet a secret influence which governs the thoughts of all waiting-women and chambermaids, whispered to her that she ought not to tell the truth.

“Where is your mistress?” repeated he, in a louder voice than before.

“Gone out, my Lord,” she replied.

“Where?”

“My Lady did not tell me.”

“And don’t you know?”

“No, my Lord:” she answered, and without blushing.

“Is this the night of the masquerade?” said he.

“I don’t know, my Lord, upon my word; but, I believe, my Lord, it is not.”

Sandford, as soon as Lord Elmwood had asked the last question, ran hastily to the table, at the other side of the room, took something from it, and re-
turned

turned to his place again — and when the maid said, “It was not the night of the masquerade,” he exclaimed, “But it is, my Lord, it is—yes, it is,” and shewing a newspaper in his hand, pointed to the paragraph which contained the information.

“Leave the room,” said Lord Elmwood to the woman, “I have done with you.”—She withdrew.

“Yes, yes, here it is,” repeated Sandford, with the paper in his hand.—He then read the paragraph: “*The masquerade at the honorable Mrs. G—’s this evening*” — ‘This evening, my Lord, you find’—“*it is expected will be the most brilliant, of any thing of the kind for these many years past.*”

“They should not put such things in the papers,” said Mrs. Horton, “to tempt young women to their ruin.”

The word ruin grated upon Lord Elmwood's ear, and he said to the servant who came to wait on him, while he supped, "Take the supper away."—He had not attempted either to eat, or even to sit down; and he now walked backwards and forwards in the room, lost in thought and care.

A little time after, one of Miss Milner's footmen came in upon some occasion, and Mr. Sandford said to him, "Pray did you attend your lady to the masquerade?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the man.

Lord Elmwood stopped himself short in his walk, and said to the servant, "You did?"

"Yes, my Lord," replied he.

He walked again.

"I should

“ I should like to know what she was dressed in,” said Mrs. Horton : and turning to the servant, “ Do you know what your lady had on?”

“ Yes, Madam,” replied the man, “ she was in men’s clothes.”

“ How !” cried Lord Elmwood.

“ You tell a story, to be sure,” said Mrs. Horton to the servant.

“ No,” cried Sandford, “ I am sure he does not ; for he is an honest good young man, and would not tell a lie upon any account—would you, George ?”

Lord Elmwood ordered Miss Milner’s woman to be again sent up.— She came.

“ In what dress did your lady go to the masquerade? asked he, and with a look so extremely morose, it seemed to command the answer in a single word, and that word to be truth.

A mind, with a spark of sensibility more than this woman possessed, could not have equivocated with such an interrogator, but her reply was, "She went in her own dress, my Lord."

"Was it a man's or a woman's?" asked he, with a look of the same command.

"Ha, ha, my Lord," (half laughing and half crying) "a woman's dress, to be sure, my Lord."

On which Sandford cried——

"Call the footman up, and let him confront her."

He was called; but Lord Elmwood, now disgusted at the scene, withdrew to the further end of the room, and left Sandford to question them.

With

With all the authority and consequence of a country magistrate, Sandford—his back to the fire, and the witnesses before him, began with the footman.

“In what dress do you say, that you saw your lady, when you attended, and went along with her, to the masquerade?”

“In men’s clothes,” replied the man, boldly and firmly as before.

“Bless my soul, George, how can you say such a thing?” cried the woman.

“What dress do *you* say she went in?” cried Sandford to her.

“In women’s clothes, indeed, Sir.”

“This is very odd!” said Mrs. Horton.

M 4

“Had

“ Had she on, or had she not on, a coat?” asked Sandford.

“ Yes, Sir, a petticoat,” replied the woman.

“ Do *you* say she had on a petticoat?” said Sandford to the man.

“ I can’t answer exactly for that,” replied he, “ but I know she had boots on.”

“ They were not boots,” replied the maid, with vehemence—“ indeed, Sir, (turning to Sandford) they were only half boots.”

“ My girl,” said Sandford kindly to her, “ your own evidence convicts your mistress—What has a woman to do with *any* boots?”

Impatient at this mummerly, Lord Elmwood rose, ordered the servants out of

of the room, and then, looking at his watch, found it was near one. — “At what hour am I to expect her home?” said he.

“Perhaps not till three in the morning,” answered Mrs. Horton.

“Three! more likely fix,” cried Sandford.

“I can’t wait with patience till that time,” answered Lord Elmwood, with a most anxious sigh.

“You had better go to bed, my Lord,” said Mrs. Horton; “and, by sleeping, the time will pass away unperceived.”

“If I *could* sleep, Madam.”

“Will you play a game of cards, my Lord?” said Sandford, “for I will not leave you till she comes home; and though I am not used to sit up all night——”

“All

“ All night !” repeated Lord Elmwood ; “ she dares not stay all night.”

“ And yet, after going,” said Sandford, “ in defiance to your commands, I should suppose she dared.”

“ She is in good company, at least, my Lord,” said Mrs. Horton.

“ She does not know herself what company she is in,” replied he.

“ How should she,” cried Sandford, “ where every one hides his face ?”

Till five o'clock in the morning, in conversation such as this, the hours passed away.—Mrs. Horton, indeed, retired to her chamber at two, and left the gentlemen to a more serious discourse ; but a discourse still less advantageous to poor Miss Milner.

She,

She, during this time, was at the scene of pleasure she had painted to herself, and all the pleasure it gave her was, that she was sure she should never desire to go to a masquerade again.— Its crowd and bustle fatigued her—its freedom offended her delicacy — and though she perceived that she was the first object of admiration in the place, yet there was one person still wanting to admire ; and the remorse at having transgressed his injunctions for so trivial an entertainment, weighed upon her spirits, and added to its weariness. — She would have come away sooner than she did, but she could not, with any degree of good manners, leave the company with whom she went ; and not till half after four, were they prevailed on to return.

Daylight

Daylight just peeped through the shutters of the room in which Lord Elmwood and Sandford were sitting, when the sound of her carriage, and the sudden stop it made at the door, caused Lord Elmwood to start from his chair.—He trembled extremely, and looked pale.—Sandford was ashamed to seem to notice it, yet he could not help asking him, “ To take a glass of wine.”—He took it—and for once, evinced he was reduced so low, as to be *glad* of such a resource.

What passion thus agitated Lord Elmwood at this crisis, it is hard to define—Perhaps it was indignation at Miss Milner’s imprudence, and exultation at being on the point of revenge—perhaps it was emotion arising from joy, to find that she was safe—perhaps it was perturbation

turbation at the regret he felt that he must upbraid her — perhaps it was not one alone of these sensations, but all of them combined.

She, wearied out with the tedious night's dissipation, and far less joyous than melancholy, had fallen asleep as she rode home, and came half asleep out of her carriage.—“ Light me to my bedchamber instantly,” said she to her maid, who waited in the hall to receive her.—But one of Lord Elmwood's valets went up to her, and answered, “ Madam, my Lord desires to see you before you retire.”

“ Your Lord !” she cried, “ Is he not out of town ?”

“ No, Madam, my Lord has been at home ever since you went out ; and has
been

been sitting up with Mr. Sandford, waiting for you."

She was wide awake immediately.—The heaviness was removed from her eyes, but fear, grief, and shame, seized upon her heart.—She leaned against her maid, as if unable to support herself under those feelings, and said to Miss Woodley,

"Make my excuse—I cannot see him to-night—I am unfit—indeed I cannot."

Miss Woodley was alarmed at the idea of going to him by herself, and thus, perhaps, irritating him still more: she, therefore, said, "He has sent for *you*; for heaven's sake, do not disobey him a second time."

"No, dear Madam, don't," cried her woman, "for he is like a lion—he has been scolding me."

"Good

“ Good God !” (exclaimed Miss Milner, and in a tone that seemed prophetic) “ Then he is not to be my husband, after all.”

“ Yes,” cried Miss Woodley, “ if you will only be humble, and appear sorry.—You know your power over him, and all may yet be well.”

She turned her speaking eyes upon her friend, the tears starting from them, her lips trembling—“ Do I not appear sorry ?” she cried.

The bell at that moment rang furiously, and they hastened their steps to the door of the apartment where Lord Elmwood was.

“ No, this shuddering is only fright,” replied Miss Woodley — “ Say to him you are sorry, and beg his pardon.”

“ I cannot,” said she, “ if Mr. Sandford is with him.”

The

The servant opened the door, and she and Miss Woodley went in. — Lord Elmwood, by this time, was composed, and received her with a slight inclination of his head—she bowed to him in return, and said, with some marks of humility,

“ I suppose, my Lord, I have done wrong.”

“ You have indeed, Miss Milner,” answered he ; “ but do not suppose, that I mean to upbraid you : I am, on the contrary, going to release you from any such apprehension *for the future.*”

Those last three words he delivered with a countenance so serious and so determined, with an accent so firm and so decided, they pierced through her heart. — Yet she did not weep, or even sigh ;
but

but her friend, knowing what she felt, exclaimed, "Oh?" as if for her.

She herself strove with her anguish, and replied, (but with a faltering voice) "I expected as much, my Lord."

"Then, Madam, you perhaps expect *all* that I intend?"

"In regard to myself," she replied, "I suppose I do."

"Then," said he, "you may expect that in a few days we shall part."

"I am prepared for it, my Lord," she answered, and, while she said so, sunk upon a chair.

"My Lord, what you have to say farther," said Miss Woodley, in tears, "defer till the morning — Miss Milner, you see, is not able to bear it now."

"I have nothing to *say* farther," replied he, coolly — "I have now only to act."

“ Lord Elmwood,” cried Miss Milner, divided between grief and anger, “ you think to terrify me by your menaces—but I can part with you—heaven knows I can — your late behaviour has reconciled me to a separation.”

On this he was going out of the room—but Miss Woodley, catching hold of him, cried, “ Oh! my Lord, do not leave her in this sorrow—pity her weakness, and forgive it.”—She was proceeding; and he seemed as if inclined to listen, when Sandford called out in a tone of voice so harsh,

“ Miss Woodley, what do you mean?”—She gave a start, and desisted.

Lord Elmwood then turned to Sandford, and said, “ Nay, Mr. Sandford, you need entertain no doubts of me—I have judged, and have deter——”

I

He

He was going to say *determined*; but Miss Milner, who dreaded the word, interrupted the period, and exclaimed, "Oh! could my poor father know the days of sorrow I have experienced since his death, how would he repent his fatal choice of a protector!"

This sentence, in which his friend's memory was recalled, with an additional allusion to her long and secret love for him, affected Lord Elmwood much—he was moved, but ashamed of being so, and as soon as possible conquered the propensity to forgive. — Yet, for a short interval, he did not know whether to go out of the room, or to remain in it; whether to speak, or to be silent. — At length he turned towards her, and said,

"Appeal to your father in some other
N 2 form

form—in that (pointing at her dress) he will not know you.—Reflect upon him, too, in your moments of dissipation, and let his idea controul your indiscretions—not merely in an hour of contradiction call peevishly upon his name, only to wound the dearest friend you have.”

There was a degree of truth, and a degree of passionate feeling, in the conclusion of this speech, that alarmed Sandford—he caught up one of the candles, and, laying hold of his friend's elbow, drew him out of the room, crying, “Come, my Lord, come to your bed-chamber—it is very late—it is morning—it is time to rise.” And by a continual repetition of these words, in a very loud voice, drowned whatever Lord Elmwood, or any other person might have wished either to have said or to have heard.

In

In this manner, Lord Elmwood was forced out of the apartment, and the evening's entertainment concluded.

CHAPTER X.

TWO whole days passed in the bitterest suspense on the part of Miss Milner, while neither one word or look from Lord Elmwood, denoted the most trivial change of the sentiments he had declared, on the night of the masquerade.—Still those sentiments, or intentions, were not explicitly delivered; they were more like intimations, than solemn declarations—for though he had said, “He would never reproach her *for the future*,” and that “She might expect they should part,” he had not positively said they should; and upon this doubtful meaning of his words, she hung
with

with the strongest agitation of hope and of fear.

Miss Woodley seeing the distress of her mind, (much as she endeavoured to conceal it) entreated, nay implored of her, to permit her to be a mediator; to suffer her to ask for a private interview with Lord Elmwood, and if she found him inflexible, to behave with a proper spirit in return; but if he appeared not absolutely averse to a reconciliation, to offer it in so cautious a manner, that it might take place without farther uneasiness on either side. But Miss Milner peremptorily forbade this, and acknowledging to her friend every weakness she felt on the occasion, yet concluded with solemnly declaring, "That after what had passed between her and Lord Elmwood, *he* must be the first to make

a concession, before she herself would condescend to be reconciled."

"I believe I know Lord Elmwood's temper," replied Miss Woodley, "and I do not think he will be easily induced to beg pardon for a fault which he thinks *you* have committed."

"Then he does not love me."

"Pshaw! Miss Milner, this is the old argument.—He may love you too well to spoil you—consider that he is your guardian as well as your lover, he means also to become your husband; and he is a man of such nice honour, that he will not indulge you with any power before marriage, to which he does not intend to submit hereafter."

"But tenderness, affection, the politeness due from a lover to his mistress demands his submission; and as I now

despair of enticing, I will oblige him to it—at least I'll make the trial, and know my fate at once."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Invite Lord Frederick to the house, and ask my guardian's consent for our immediate union; you will then see, what effect that will have upon his pride."

"But you will then make it too late for him to be humble. — If you resolve on this, my dear Miss Milner, you are undone at once — you may thus hurry yourself into a marriage with a man you do not love, and the misery of your whole future life may be the result.—Or, would you force Mr. Dorriforth (I mean Lord Elmwood) to another duel with my Lord Frederick?"

"No, call him Dorriforth," — answered she, with the tears stealing from her eyes; "I thank you for calling him so;

fo; for by that name alone, is he dear to me."

"Nay, Miss Milner, with what rapture did you not receive his love, as Lord Elmwood!"

"But under this title he has been barbarous; under the first, he was all friendship and tenderness."

Notwithstanding Miss Milner indulged herself in all these soft bewailings to her friend — before Lord Elmwood she maintained a degree of pride and steadiness, which surprised even him, who perhaps thought less of her love for him, than any other person. — She now began to fear she had gone too far in discovering her affection, and resolved to make trial of a contrary method.—She determined to retrieve that haughty character which had inspired
fo

so many of her admirers with passion, and take the chance of its effect upon this only one, to whom she ever acknowledged a mutual attachment.—But although she acted this character well—so well, that every one but Miss Woodley thought her in earnest — yet, with nice and attentive anxiety, she watched even the slightest circumstances that might revive her hopes, or confirm her despair. Lord Elmwood's behaviour was calculated only to produce the latter — he was cold, polite, and perfectly indifferent.—Yet, whatever his manners now were, they did not remove from her recollection what they had been — she recalled, with delight, the ardour with which he had first declared his passion to her, and the thousand proofs he had since given of its reality.—From the constancy of his disposition, she depended

pended that sentiments like these were not totally eradicated; and from the extreme desire which Mr. Sandford now, more than ever, discovered of depreciating her in his patron's esteem—from the now, more than common zeal, which urged him to take Lord Elmwood from her company, whenever he had it in his power, she was led to believe, that while his friend entertained such strong fears of his relapsing into love, she had reason to indulge the strongest hopes that he would.

But the reserve, and even indifference, that she had so well assumed for a few days, and which might perhaps have effected her design, she had not the patience to persevere in, without calling levity to their aid. — She visited repeatedly without saying where, or with whom—

whom—kept later hours than usual — appeared in the highest spirits—sung, laughed, and never heaved a sigh—but when she was alone.

Still Lord Elmwood protracted a resolution, that he was determined he would never break when taken.

Miss Woodley was excessively uneasy, and with cause; she saw her friend was providing herself with a weight of cares, that she would soon find infinitely too much for her strength to bear — she would have reasoned with her, but all her arguments had long since proved unavailing.—She wished to speak to Lord Elmwood upon the subject, and (unknown to her) plead her excuse; but he apprehended Miss Woodley's intention, and evidently shunned her.—

Mr.

Mr. Sandford was now the only person to whom she could speak of Miss Milner, and the delight he took to expatiate on her faults, was more sorrow to her friend, than not to speak of her at all. She, therefore, sat a silent spectator, waiting with dread for the time when she, who now scorned her advice, would fly to her in vain for comfort.

Sandford had, however, said one thing to Miss Woodley, which gave her a ray of hope. During their conversation on the subject, (not by way of consolation to her, but as a reproach to Lord Elmwood) he one day angrily exclaimed, “ And yet, notwithstanding all this provocation, he has not come to the determination that he will think no more of her—he lingers and he hesitates—

tates—I never saw him so weak upon any occasion before.”

This was joyful hearing to Miss Woodley; still, she could not but reflect, the longer he was in coming to this determination, the more irrevocable it would be, when once taken; and every moment that passed, she trembled lest it should be the very moment, in which Lord Elmwood should resolve to banish Miss Milner from his heart.

Amongst her unpardonable indiscretions, during this trial upon the temper of her guardian, was the frequent mention of many gentlemen, who had been her professed admirers, and the mention of them with partiality.—Teased, if not tortured, by this, Lord Elmwood still behaved with a manly evenness of temper, and neither appeared provoked on
the

the subject, nor insolently careless.—In a single instance, however, this calmness was near deserting him.

Entering the drawing-room, one evening, he started, on seeing Lord Frederick Lawnly there, in earnest conversation with Miss Milner.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley were both indeed present, and Lord Frederick was talking in an audible voice, upon some indifferent subjects; but with that impressive manner, in which a man never fails to speak to the woman he loves, be the subject what it may.—The moment Lord Elmwood started, which was the moment he entered, Lord Frederick arose.

“ I beg your pardon, my Lord,”
said

said Lord Elmwood, "I protest I did not know you."

"I ought to entreat your Lordship's pardon," returned Lord Frederick, "for this intrusion, which an accident alone has occasioned. Miss Milner has been almost overturned by the carelessness of a lady's coachman, in whose carriage she was; and therefore suffered me to bring her home in mine."

"I hope you are not hurt," said Lord Elmwood to Miss Milner, but his voice was so much affected by what he felt, that he could scarce articulate the words. —Not with the apprehension that she was hurt, was he thus agitated, for the gaiety of her manners convinced him *that* could not be the case, nor did he indeed suppose any accident, of the kind mentioned, had occurred; but the circumstance of unexpectedly seeing

Lord Frederick had taken him off his guard, and being totally unprepared, he could not conceal indications of the surprise, and of the shock it had given him.

Lord Frederick, who had heard nothing of his intended union with his ward, (for it was even kept a secret, at present, from every servant in the house) imputed this discomposure to the personal resentment he might bear him, in consequence of their duel; for though Lord Elmwood had assured the uncle of Lord Frederick, (who once waited upon him on the subject of Miss Milner) that all resentment was, on his part, entirely at an end; and that he was willing to consent to his ward's marriage with his nephew, if she would concur; yet Lord
Fre-

Frederick doubted the sincerity of this, and would still have had the delicacy not to have entered Lord Elmwood's house, had he not been encouraged by Miss Milner, and emboldened by his love. Personal resentment was therefore the construction he put upon Lord Elmwood's emotion on entering the room; but Miss Milner and Miss Woodley knew his agitation to arise from a far different cause.

After his entrance, Lord Frederick did not attempt once to resume his seat, but having bowed most respectfully to all present, he took his leave; while Miss Milner followed him as far as the door, and repeated her thanks for his protection.

Lord Elmwood was hurt beyond measure ; but he had a second concern, which was, that he had not the power to conceal how much he was affected.—He trembled—when he attempted to speak, he stammered—he perceived his face burning with confusion, and thus one confusion gave birth to another, till his state was pitiable.

Miss Milner, with all her assumed gaiety and real insolence, had not, however, the insolence to seem as if she observed him ; she had only the confidence to observe him by stealth.—And Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley, having opportunely begun a discourse upon some trivial occurrences, gave him time to recover himself by degrees—yet, still it was merely by degrees ; for the impression which this incident had made, was deep,

deep, and not easily to be erased.—The entrance of Mr. Sandford, who knew nothing of what had happened, was however, another relief; for he began a conversation with him, which they very soon retired into the library to terminate.—Miss Milner, taking Miss Woodley with her, went directly to her own apartment, and there exclaimed in rapture,

“He is mine—he loves me—and he is mine for ever.”

Miss Woodley congratulated her upon believing so, but confessed she herself “Had her fears.”

“What fears?” cried Miss Milner: “don’t you perceive that he loves me?”

“I do,” said Miss Woodley, “but that I always believed; and, I think, if he loves you now, he has yet the good sense to know that he has reason to hate you.”

“What has good sense to do with love?” returned Miss Milner—“If a lover of mine suffers his understanding to get the better of his affection—”

The same arguments were going to be repeated; but Miss Woodley interrupted her, by requiring an explanation of her conduct as to Lord Frederick, whom, at least, she was treating with cruelty, if she only made use of his affection to stimulate that of Lord Elmwood.

“By no means, my dear Miss Woodley,” returned she—“I have, indeed, done with my Lord Frederick from this day; and he has certainly given me the proof I wanted of Lord Elmwood’s love; but then I did not engage him to this by the smallest ray of hope.—No; do not suspect me of that, while my heart was another’s: and I assure you, seriously,

ously, that it was from the circumstance we described he came with me home—yet, I must own, that if I had not had this design upon Lord Elmwood's jealousy in idea, I would have walked on foot through the streets, rather than have suffered his rival's civilities.—But he pressed his services so violently, and my Lady Evans (in whose coach I was when the accident happened) pressed me so violently to accept them, that he cannot expect any farther meaning from this acquiescence than my own convenience.”

Miss Woodley was going to reply, when she resumed,

“Nay, if you intend to say I have done wrong, still I am not sorry for it, when it has given me such convincing proofs of Lord Elmwood's love.—Did you see him?—I am afraid you did not

see how he trembled?—and that manly voice faltered, as mine does sometimes—his proud heart was humbled too, as mine is now and then.—Oh! Miss Woodley, I have been counterfeiting indifference to *him*—I now find that all *his* indifference to *me* has been counterfeit, and that we not only love, but love equally.”

“ Suppose this all as you hope—I yet think it highly necessary that your guardian should be informed, seriously informed, it was mere accident (for, at present, that plea seems but as a subterfuge) which brought Lord Frederick hither.”

“ No, that will be destroying the work so successfully begun.—I will not suffer any explanation to take place, but let my Lord Elmwood act just as his
love

love shall dictate; and now I have no longer a doubt of its excess, instead of stooping to him, I wait in the certain expectation of his submission to me."

CHAPTER XI.

IN vain, for three long days, did Miss Milner wait impatiently for this submission; not a sign, not a symptom appeared—nay, Lord Elmwood had, since the evening of Lord Frederick's visit, (which, at the time it happened, seemed to affect him so exceedingly) become just the same man he was before the circumstance occurred; except, indeed, that he was less thoughtful, and now and then cheerful; but without any appearance that his cheerfulness was affected. —Miss Milner was vexed—she was alarmed—but was ashamed to confess those humiliating sensations, even to Miss Woodley — she supported, therefore, when

when in company, the vivacity she had so long assumed ; but gave way, when alone, to a still greater degree of melancholy than usual. She no longer applauded her scheme of bringing Lord Frederick to the house, and trembled, lest, on some pretence, he should dare to call again. But as these were feelings which her pride would not suffer her to disclose even to her friend, who would have condoled with her, their effects were doubly poignant.

Sitting in her dressing-room one forenoon with Miss Woodley, and burthened with a load of grief that she blushed to acknowledge, while her companion was charged with apprehensions that she too was loath to disclose, one of Lord Elmwood's valets tapped gently at the door, and delivered a letter to Miss Milner.—

By the person who brought it, as well as by the address, she knew it came from Lord Elmwood, and laid it down upon her toilet, as if she was fearful to unfold it.

“What is that?” said Miss Woodley.

“A letter from Lord Elmwood,” replied Miss Milner.

“Good Heaven!” exclaimed Miss Woodley.

“Nay,” returned she, “it is, I have no doubt, a letter to beg my pardon.”—But her reluctance to open it plainly evinced she did not think so.

“Do not read it yet,” said Miss Woodley.

“I do not intend it,” replied she, trembling extremely.

“Will you dine first?” said Miss Woodley.

“No

“ No—for not knowing its contents, I shall not know how to conduct myself towards him.”

Here a silence followed.—Miss Milner took up the letter — looked earnestly at the hand-writing on the outside — at the seal—inspected into its folds—and seemed to wish, by some equivocal method, to guess at the contents, without having the courage to come at the certain knowledge of them.

Curiosity, at length, got the better of her fears — she opened the letter, and, scarce able to hold it while she read, she read the following words :—

“ MADAM,

“ WHILE I considered you only as my
“ ward, my friendship for you was un-
5 “ bounded—

“ bounded—when I looked upou you
“ as a woman formed to grace a fashion-
“ able circle, my admiration equalled
“ my friendship —and when fate per-
“ mitted me to behold you in the tender
“ light of my betrothed wife, my soaring
“ love left those humbler passions at a
“ distance.

“ That you have still my friendship,
“ my admiration, and even my love, I
“ will not attempt to deceive either my-
“ self or you by disavowing ; but still,
“ with a firm assurance, I declare, that
“ prudence outweighs them all ; and I
“ have not, from henceforward, a wish
“ to be regarded by you, in any other re-
“ spect than as one “ who wishes you
“ well.”— That you ever beheld me in
“ the endearing quality of a destined
“ and an affectionate husband, (such as I
“ would

“ would have proved) was a deception
“ upon my hopes: they acknowledge the
“ mistake, and are humbled—but I en-
“ treat you to spare their farther trial,
“ and for a single week do not insult me
“ with the open preference of another.
“ In the short space of that period I
“ shall have taken my leave of you —
“ *for ever.*

“ I shall visit Italy, and some other
“ parts of the Continent; from whence I
“ propose passing to the West Indies, in
“ order to inspect my possessions there:
“ —nor shall I return to England till
“ after a few years absence; in which
“ time I hope to become once more re-
“ conciled to the change of state I am
“ enjoined—a change I now most fer-
“ vently wish could be entirely dis-
“ pensed with.

“ The

“ The occasion of my remaining here
“ a week longer, is to settle some neces-
“ sary affairs, among which the princi-
“ pal is, that of delivering to a friend,
“ a man of worth and of tendernefs, all
“ those writings which have invested me
“ with the power of my guardianship—
“ he will, the day after my departure,
“ (without one upbraiding word) resign
“ them to you in my name; and even
“ your most respected father, could he
“ behold the resignation, would concur
“ in its propriety.

“ And now, my dear Miss Milner,
“ let not affected resentment, contempt,
“ or levity, oppose that serenity, which,
“ for the week to come, I wish to enjoy.
“ — By complying with this request,
“ give me to believe, that, since you
“ have

“ have been under my care, you think
“ I have, at least, faithfully discharged
“ some part of my duty. — And where-
“ ever I have been inadequate to your
“ wishes, attribute my demerits to some
“ infirmity of mind, rather than to a
“ negligence of your happiness. — Yet,
“ be the cause what it will, since these
“ faults have existed, I do not attempt
“ to disavow or extenuate them, and I
“ beg your pardon.

“ However time, and a succession of
“ objects, may eradicate more tender
“ sentiments, I am sure *never* to lose the
“ liveliest anxiety for your welfare—and
“ with all that solicitude, which cannot
“ be described, I entreat for your own
“ sake, for mine—when we shall be far
“ asunder—and for the sake of your
“ dead father’s memory, that, *upon every*

*“ important occasion, you will call your
“ serious judgment to direct you.*

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your sincerest friend,

“ ELMWOOD.”

After she had read every syllable of this letter, it dropped from her hands; but she uttered not a word.—There was, however, a paleness in her face, a deadness in her eye, and a kind of palsy over her frame, which Miss Woodley, who had seen her in every stage of her uneasiness, never had seen before.

“ I do not want to read the letter,” said Miss Woodley; “ your looks tell me its contents.”

“ They will then discover to Lord Elmwood,” replied she, “ what I feel;
but

but Heaven forbid—that would sink me even lower than I am.”

Scarce able to move, she rose, and looked in her glass, as if to arrange her features, and impose upon him:—alas! it was of no avail—a serenity of mind could alone effect what she desired.

“You must endeavour,” said Miss Woodley, “to feel the disposition you wish to make appear.”

“I will,” replied she, “I will feel a proper pride—and a proper scorn of this treatment.”

And so desirous was she to attain the appearance of these sentiments, that she made the strongest efforts to calm her thoughts, in order to acquire it.

“I have but a few days to remain with him,” she said to herself, “and we part for ever—during those few days it

is not only my duty to obey his commands, or rather comply with his request, but it is also my wish to leave upon his mind an impression, which may not add to the ill opinion he has formed of me, but, perhaps, serve to diminish it.—If, in every other instance, my conduct has been blameable, he shall, at least in this, acknowledge its merit.—The fate I have drawn upon myself, he shall find I can be resigned to ; and he shall be convinced, that the woman, of whose weakness he has had so many fatal proofs, is yet in possession of some fortitude—fortitude, to bid him farewell, without discovering one affected or one real pang, though her death should be the immediate consequence.”

Thus she resolved, and thus she acted.
—The severest judge could not have
arraigned

arraigned her conduct, from the day she received Lord Elmwood's letter, to the day of his departure. — She had, indeed, involuntary weaknesses, but none with which she did not struggle, and, in general, her struggles were victorious.

The first time she saw him after the receipt of his letter, was on the evening of the same day—she had a little concert of amateurs of music, and was herself singing and playing when he entered the room: the connoisseurs immediately perceived she made a false cadence—but Lord Elmwood was no connoisseur in the art, and he did not observe it.

They occasionally spoke to each other through the evening, but the subjects were general—and though their manners every

time they spoke, were perfectly polite, they were not marked with the smallest degree of familiarity.—To describe his behaviour exactly, it was the same as his letter, polite, friendly, composed, and resolved. — Some of the company staid supper, which prevented the embarrassment that must unavoidably have arisen, had the family been by themselves.

The next morning each breakfasted in his separate apartments—more company dined with them—in the evening, and at supper, Lord Elmwood was from home.

Thus, all passed on as peaceably as he had requested, and Miss Milner had not betrayed one particle of frailty; when, the third day at dinner, some gentlemen
of

of his acquaintance being at table, one of them said,

“ And so, my Lord, you absolutely set off on Tuesday morning?”

This was Friday.

Sandford and he both replied at the same time, “ Yes.” And Sandford, but not Lord Elmwood, looked at Miss Milner when he spoke.—Her knife and fork gave a sudden spring in her hand, but no other emotion witnessed what she felt.

“ Aye, Elmwood,” cried another gentleman at table, “ you’ll bring home, I am afraid, a foreign wife, and that I shan’t forgive.”

“ It is his errand abroad, I make no doubt,” said another visitor.

Before he could return an answer, Sandford cried, “ And what objection

to a foreigner for a wife? do not crowned heads all marry foreigners? and who happier in the married state than some kings?"

Lord Elmwood directed his eyes to the side of the table, opposite to that where Miss Milner sat.

"Nay," (answered one of the guests, who was a country gentleman) "what do you say, ladies — do you think my Lord ought to go out of his own nation for a wife?" and he looked at Miss Milner for the reply.

Miss Woodley, uneasy at her friend's being thus forced to give an opinion upon so delicate a subject, endeavoured to satisfy the gentleman, by answering to the question herself: "Whoever my Lord Elmwood marries, Sir," said Miss Woodley, "he, no doubt, will be happy."

"But

“ But what say you, Madam ?” asked the visiter, still keeping his eyes on Miss Milner.

“ That whoever Lord Elmwood marries, he *deserves* to be happy :” returned she, with the utmost command of her voice and looks ; for Miss Woodley, by replying first, had given her time to collect herself.

The colour flew to Lord Elmwood’s face, as she delivered this short sentence ; and Miss Woodley persuaded herself, she saw a tear start in his eye.

Miss Milner did not look that way.

In an instant he found means to change the subject, but that of his journey still employed the conversation ; and what horses, servants, and carriages he took with him, was minutely asked, and so accurately answered, either by himself or by Mr. Sandford, that Miss
Milner,

Milner, although she had known her doom before, till now had received no circumstantial account of it — and as circumstances increase or diminish all we feel, the hearing these things told, increased the bitterness of their truth.

Soon after dinner the ladies retired ; and from that time, though Miss Milner's behaviour continued the same, yet her looks and her voice were totally altered — for the world, she could not have looked cheerfully ; for the world, she could not have spoken with a sprightly accent ; she frequently began in one, but not three words could she utter, before her tones sunk into dejection.— Not only her colour, but her features became changed ; her eyes lost their brilliancy, her lips seemed to hang without the power of motion, her head drooped,

drooped, and her dress was neglected.— Conscious of this appearance, and conscious of the cause from whence it arose, it was her desire to hide herself from the only object she could have wished to have charmed.— Accordingly, she sat alone, or with Miss Woodley in her own apartment as much as was consistent with that civility which her guardian had requested, and which forbade her totally absenting herself.

Miss Woodley felt so acutely the torments of her friend, that had not her reason told her, that the inflexible mind of Lord Elmwood, was fixed beyond her power to shake, she had cast herself at his feet, and implored the return of his affection and tenderness, as the only means to save his once-beloved ward from an untimely death. But her understanding

derstanding—her knowledge of his firm and immoveable temper ; and of all his provocations — her knowledge of his word, long since given to Sandford, “ That if once resolved, he would not recall his resolution.”—The certainty of the various plans arranged for his travels, all convinced her, that by any interference, she would only expose Miss Milner’s love and delicacy, to a contemptuous rejection.

If the conversation did not every day turn upon the subject of Lord Elmwood’s departure — a conversation he evidently avoided himself—yet, every day, some new preparation for his journey, struck either the ear or the eye of Miss Milner — and had she beheld a frightful spectre, she could not have shuddered

shuddered with more horror, than when she unexpectedly passed his large trunks in the hall, nailed and corded, ready to be sent off to meet him at Venice. — At the sight, she flew from the company that chanced to be with her, and stole to the first lonely corner of the house to conceal her tears—she reclined her head upon her hands, and bedewed them with the sudden anguish that had overcome her.—She heard a footstep advancing towards the spot where she hoped to have been concealed ; she lifted up her eyes, and saw Lord Elinwood.—Pride, was the first emotion his presence inspired—pride, which arose from the humility into which she was plunged.

She looked at him earnestly, as if to imply, "What now, my Lord?"

He only answered with a bow, which

which expressed ; “ I beg your pardon.” And immediately withdrew.

Thus each understood the other's language, without either having uttered a word.

The just construction she put upon his looks and behaviour upon this occasion, kept up her spirits for some little time ; and she blessed heaven, repeatedly, for the singular favour of shewing to her, clearly, by this accident, his negligence of her sorrows, his total indifference.

The next day was the eve of that on which he was to depart — of the day on which she was to bid adieu to Dorriforth, to her guardian, to Lord Elmwood ; to all her hopes at once.

The

The moment she awoke on Monday morning, the recollection, that this was, perhaps, the last day she was ever again to see him, softened all the resentment his yesterday's conduct had raised: forgetting his austerity, and all she had once termed cruelties, she now only remembered his friendship, his tenderness, and his love.—She was impatient to see him, and promised herself, for this last day, to neglect no one opportunity of being with him. For that purpose she did not breakfast in her own room, as she had done for several mornings before, but went into the breakfast-room, where all the family in general met. — She was rejoiced on hearing his voice as she opened the door, yet the sound made her tremble so much, that

that she could scarcely totter to the table.

Miss Woodley looked at her as she entered, and was never so shocked at seeing her ; for never had she yet seen her look so ill.—As she approached, she made an inclination of her head to Mrs. Horton, then to her guardian, as was her custom, when she first saw them in a morning—he looked in her face as he bowed in return, then fixed his eyes upon the fire-place, rubbed his forehead, and began talking with Mr. Sandford.

Sandford, during breakfast, by accident cast a glance upon Miss Milner ; his attention was caught by her deadly countenance, and he looked earnestly.—He then turned to Lord Elmwood to see

see if he was observing her appearance—he was not—and so much were her thoughts engaged on him alone, that she did not once perceive Sandford gazing at her.

Mrs. Horton, after a little while observed, “It was a beautiful morning.”

Lord Elmwood said, “He thought he heard it rain in the night.”

Sandford cried, “For his part he slept too well to know.” And then (unasked) held a plate with biscuits to Miss Milner—it was the first civility he had ever in his life offered her; she smiled at the whimsicality of the circumstance, but she took one in return for his attention.—He looked grave beyond his usual gravity, and yet not with his usual ill temper. She did not eat

what she had so politely taken, but laid it down soon after.

Lord Elmwood was the first who rose from breakfast, and he did not return to dinner.

At dinner, Mrs. Horton said, “ She hoped he would, however, favour them with his company at supper.”

To which Sandford replied, “ No doubt, for you will hardly any of you see him in the morning; as we shall be off by six, or soon after.”

Sandford was not going abroad with Lord Elmwood, but was to go with him as far as Dover.

These words of his—“ *Not see Lord Elmwood in the morning*—[never again to see him after this evening,] were like the knell of death to Miss Milner.—She
felt

felt the symptoms of fainting, and eagerly snatched a glass of water, which the servant was holding to Sandford, who had called for it, and drank it off; — As she returned the glass to the servant, she began to apologize to Mr. Sandford for her seeming rudeness, but before she could utter what she intended, he said, good-naturedly, “Never mind—you are very welcome — I am glad you took it.”—She looked at him to observe, whether he had really spoken kindly, or ironically; but before his countenance could satisfy her, her thoughts were called away from that trivial matter, and again fixed upon Lord Elmwood.

The moments seemed tedious till he came home to supper, and yet, when she reflected how short the remainder of the evening would be after that time, she

wished to defer the hour of his return for months.—At ten o'clock he arrived; and at half after ten the family, without any visitor, met at supper.

Miss Milner had considered, that the period for her to counterfeit appearances, was diminished now to a most contracted one; and she rigorously enjoined herself not to shrink from the little which remained.—The certain end, that would be so soon put to this painful deception, encouraged her to struggle through it with redoubled zeal; and this was but necessary, as her weakness increased.—She therefore listened, she talked, and even smiled with the rest of the company, nor did *their* vivacity seem to arise, from a much less compulsive source than her own.

It

It was past twelve, when Lord Elmwood looked at his watch, and rising from his chair, went up to Mrs. Horton, and taking her hand, said, "Till I see you again, Madam, I sincerely wish you every happiness."

Miss Milner fixed her eyes upon the table before her.

"My Lord," replied Mrs. Horton, "I sincerely wish you health and happiness likewise."

He then went to Miss Woodley, and taking her hand, repeated much the same, as he had said to Mrs. Horton.

Miss Milner now trembled beyond all power of concealment.

"My Lord," replied Miss Woodley, a good deal affected, "I sincerely hope my prayers for your happiness may be heard."

She and Mrs. Horton were both standing as well as Lord Elmwood; but Miss Milner kept her seat, till his eye was turned upon her, and he moved slowly towards her; she then rose: — every one who was present, attentive to what he would now say, and how she would receive what he said, here cast their eyes upon them, and listened with impatience.—They were all disappointed—he did not utter a syllable.—Yet he took her hand, and held it closely between his.—He then bowed most respectfully and left her.

No “I wish you well;—I wish you health and happiness.”—No “Prayers for blessings on her.”—Not even the word “Farewell,” escaped his lips—perhaps, to have attempted any of these, might have choked his utterance.

She

She had behaved with fortitude the whole evening, and she continued to do so, till the moment he turned away from her.—Her eyes then overflowed with tears, and in the agony of her mind, not knowing what she did, she laid her cold hand upon the person next to her—it happened to be Sandford; but not observing it was he, she grasped his hand with violence—yet he did not snatch it away, nor look at her with his wonted severity.—And thus she stood, silent and motionless, while Lord Elmwood, now at the door, bowed once more to all the company, and retired.

Sandford had still Miss Milner's hand fixed upon his; and when the door was shut after Lord Elmwood, he turned

his head to look in her face, and turned it with some marks of apprehension for the grief he might find there.—She strove to overcome that grief, and after a heavy sigh, sat down, as if resigned to the fate to which she was decreed.

Instead of following Lord Elmwood, as usual, Sandford poured out a glass of wine, and drank it. — A general silence ensued for near three minutes. — At last, turning himself round on his seat, towards Miss Milner, who sat like a statue of despair at his side, “Will you breakfast with us to-morrow?” said he.

She made no answer.

“We shan’t breakfast before half after six,” continued he, “I dare say; and if you can rise so early—why do.”

“Miss

“ Miss Milner,” said Miss Woodley, (for she caught eagerly at the hope of her passing this night in less unhappiness than she had foreboded) “ pray rise at that hour to breakfast; Mr. Sandford would not invite you, if he thought it would displease Lord Elmwood.”

“ Not I,” replied Sandford, churlishly.

“ Then desire her maid to call her :” said Mrs. Horton to Miss Woodley.

“ Nay, she will be awake, I have no doubt ;” returned her niece.

“ No;” replied Miss Milner, “ since Lord Elmwood has thought proper to take his leave of me, without even speaking a word; by my own design, never will I see him again.” And here tears burst forth, as if her heart burst at the same time.

“ Why

“ Why did not *you* speak to *him* ?” cried Sandford—“ Pray did *you* bid *him* farewell?—and I don’t see why one is not as much to be blamed, in that respect, as the other.

“ I was too weak to say I wished him happy,” cried Miss Milner; “ but, Heaven is my witness, I do wish him so from my soul.”

“ And do you imagine he does not wish you so ?” cried Sandford.—“ You should judge him by your own heart; and what you feel for him, imagine he feels for you, my dear.”

Though “ *my dear*” is a trivial phrase, yet from certain people, and upon certain occasions, it is a phrase of infinite comfort and assurance.—Mr. Sandford seldom said “ my dear” to any one; to
Miss

Miss Milner never; and upon this occasion, and from him, it was an expression most precious.

She turned to him with a look of gratitude; but as she only looked, and did not speak, he rose up, and soon after said, with a friendly tone he had seldom used in her presence, "I sincerely wish you a good night."

As soon as he was gone, Miss Milner exclaimed, "However my fate may have been precipitated by the unkindness of Mr. Sandford, yet, for that particle of concern which he has shown for me this night, I will always be grateful to him."

"Ay," cried Mrs. Horton, "good Mr. Sandford may show his kindness now, without any danger from its consequences.—

sequences.—Now Lord Elmwood is going away for ever, he is not afraid of your seeing him once again.” And she thought she praised him by this suggestion.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Miss Milner retired to her bedchamber, Miss Woodley went with her, nor would leave her the whole night—but in vain did she persuade her to rest—she absolutely refused; and declared she would never, from that hour, indulge repose. — “The part I undertook to perform,” cried she, “is over—I will now, for my whole life, appear in my own character, and give a loose to the anguish I endure.”

As daylight showed itself—“And yet I might see him once again,” said she—“I might see him within these two hours, if I pleased, for Mr. Sandford invited me.”

“ If you think, my dear Miss Milner,” said Miss Woodley, “ that a second parting from Lord Elmwood would but give you a second agony, in the name of Heaven do not see him any more—but, if you hope your mind would be easier, were you to bid each other adieu in a more direct manner than you did last night, let us go down and breakfast with him. — I’ll go before, and prepare him for your reception — you shall not surprize him—and I will let him know, it is by Mr. Sandford’s invitation you are coming.”

She listened with a smile to this proposal, yet objected to the indelicacy of her wishing to see him, after he had taken his leave—but as Miss Woodley perceived that she was inclined to infringe this delicacy, of which she had so proper a sense, she easily persuaded her,

her, it was impossible for the most suspicious person (and Lord Elmwood was far from such a character) to suppose, that the paying him a visit at that period of time, could be with the most distant idea of regaining his heart, or of altering one resolution he had taken.

But though Miss Milner acquiesced in this opinion, yet she had not the courage to form the determination that she would go.

Daylight now no longer peeped, but stared upon them. — Miss Milner went to the looking-glass, breathed upon her hands and rubbed them on her eyes, smoothed her hair and adjusted her dress; yet said, after all, — “ I dare not see him again.”

“ You may do as you please,” said Miss Woodley, “ but I will. I that
have

have lived for so many years under the same roof with him, and on the most friendly terms, and he going away, perhaps for these ~~ten~~ years, perhaps for ever, I should think it a disrespect not to see him to the last moment of his remaining in the house”

“ Then do you go,” said Miss Milner, eagerly; “ and if he should ask for me, I will gladly come, you know; but if he does not ask for me, I will not—and pray don’t deceive me.”

Miss Woodley promised her not to deceive her; and soon after, as they heard the servants pass about the house, and the clock had struck six, Miss Woodley went to the breakfast-room.

She found Lord Elmwood there in his travelling dress, standing pensively by the fire-place.—and, as he did not dream of seeing

seeing her, he started when she entered, and, with an appearance of alarm, said, "Dear Miss Woodley, what's the matter?" — She replied, "Nothing, my Lord; but I could not be satisfied without seeing your Lordship once again, while I had it in my power."

"I thank you," he returned with a sigh—the heaviest and most intelligent sigh she ever heard him condescend to give.—She imagined, also, that he looked as if he wished to ask how Miss Milner did, but would not allow himself the indulgence.—She was half inclined to mention her to him, and was debating in her mind whether she should or not, when Mr. Sandford came into the room, saying, as he entered,

"For Heaven's sake, my Lord, where did you sleep last night?"

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"Why

“ Why do you ask !” said he.

“ Because,” replied Sandford, “ I went into your bedchamber just now, and I found your bed made.—You have not slept there to-night.”

“ I have slept no where,” returned he ; “ I could not sleep —and having some papers to look over, and to set off early, I thought I might as well not go to-bed at all.”

Miss Woodley was pleased at the frank manner in which he made this confession, and could not resist the strong impulse to say, “ You have done just then, my Lord, like Miss Milner, for she has not been in bed the whole night.”

Miss Woodley spoke this in a negligent manner, and yet, Lord Elmwood echoed back the words with solicitude, “ Has not Miss Milner been in bed the whole night ?”

“ If

“ If she is up, why does not she come and take some coffee ?” said Sandford, as he began to pour it out.

“ If she thought it would be agreeable,” returned Miss Woodley, “ I dare say she would.” And she looked at Lord Elmwood while she spoke, though she did not absolutely address him ; but he made no reply.

“ Agreeable !” returned Sandford, angrily — “ Has she then a quarrel with any body here ? or does she suppose any body here bears enmity to *her* ?—Is she not in peace and charity ?”

“ Yes,” replied Miss Woodley, “ that I am sure she is.”

“ Then bring her hither,” cried Sandford, “ directly.—Would she have the wickedness to imagine we are not all friends with her ?”

Miss Woodley left the room, and found Miss Milner almost in despair, lest she should hear Lord Elmwood's carriage drive off before her friend's return.

"Did he send for me?" were the words she uttered as soon as she saw her.

"Mr. Sandford did, in his presence," returned Miss Woodley, "and you may go with the utmost decorum, or I would not tell you so."

She required no protestations of this, but readily followed her beloved adviser, whose kindness never appeared in so amiable a light as at that moment.

On entering the room, through all the dead white of her present complexion,

tion, she blushed to a crimson.— Lord Elmwood rose from his seat, and brought a chair for her to sit down.

Sandford looked at her inquisitively, sipped his tea, and said, “ He never made tea to his own liking.”

Miss Milner took a cup, but had scarce strength to hold it.

It seemed but a very short time they were at breakfast, when the carriage, that was to take Lord Elmwood away, drove to the door.—Miss Milner started at the sound—so did he—but she had nearly dropped her cup and saucer; on which Sandford took them out of her hand, saying,

“ Perhaps you had rather have coffee?”

Her lips moved, but he could not hear what she said.

A servant came in, and told Lord Elmwood, "The carriage was at the door."

He replied, "Very well." But though he had breakfasted, he did not attempt to move.

At last, rising briskly, as if it was necessary to go in haste, when he did go; he took up his hat, which he had brought with him into the room, and was turning to Miss Woodley to take his leave, when Sandford cried, "My Lord, you are in a great hurry."—And then, as if he wished to give poor Miss Milner every moment he could, added, (looking about) "I don't know where I have laid my gloves."

Lord Elmwood, after repeating to
Miss

Miss Woodley his last night's farewell, now went up to Miss Milner, and taking one of her hands, again held it between his, but still without speaking — while she, unable to suppress her tears as heretofore, suffered them to fall in torrents.

“What is all this?” cried Sandford, going up to them in anger.

They neither of them replied, or changed their situation.

“Separate this moment,” cried Sandford, “or resolve to be separated only by—death.”

The commanding and awful manner in which he spoke this sentence, made them both turn to him in amazement, and as it were, petrified with the sensation his words had caused.

He left them for a moment, and going to a small bookcase in one corner of the room, took out of it a book,

and returning with it in his hand, said,

“ Lord Elmwood, do you love this woman ?”

“ More than my life.” He replied, with the most heartfelt accents.

He then turned to Miss Milner —
“ Can you say the same by him ?”

She spread her hands over her eyes, and exclaimed, “ Oh, Heavens !”

“ I believe you *can* say so,” returned Sandford; “ and in the name of God, and your own happiness, since this is the state of you both, let me put it out of your power to part.”

Lord Elmwood gazed at him with wonder! and yet, as if enraptured by the sudden change this conduct gave to his prospects.

She, sighed with a kind of trembling
ecstasy;

ecstasy; while Sandford, with all the dignity of his official character, delivered these words —

“ My Lord, while I thought my counsel might save you from the worst of misfortunes, conjugal strife, I importuned you hourly, and set forth your danger in the light it appeared to me.— But though old, and a priest, I can submit to think I have been in an error; and I now firmly believe, it is for the welfare of you both, to become man and wife.—My Lord, take this woman’s marriage vows — you can ask no fairer promises of her reform — she can give you none half so sacred, half so binding; and I see by her looks that she will mean to keep them. — And my dear,” continued he, addressing himself to her,

“ act

“act but under the dominion of those vows, to a husband of sense and virtue, like him, and you will be all that I, himself, or even Heaven can desire.— Now, then, Lord Elmwood, this moment give her up for ever, or this moment constrain her by such ties from offending you, as she shall not *dare* to violate.”

Lord Elmwood struck his forehead in doubt and agitation; but, still holding her hand, he cried, “I cannot part from her.” — Then feeling this reply as equivocal, he fell upon his knees, and cried, “Will you pardon my hesitation?—and will you, in marriage, show me that tender love you have not shown me yet? — Will you, in possessing all my affections, bear with all my infirmities?”

She

She raised him from her feet, and by the expression of her countenance, by the tears that bathed his hands, gave him confidence.

He turned to Sandford—then placing her by his own side, as the form of matrimony requires, gave this for a sign to Sandford that he should begin the ceremony. — On which, he opened his book, and—married them.

With voice and manners so serious, so solemn and so fervent, he performed these rites, that every idea of jest, or even of lightness, was absent from the mind of all who were present.

Miss Milner, covered with shame, sunk on the bosom of Miss Woodley.

When the ring was wanting, Lord
Elmwood

Elmwood supplied it with one from his own hand, but throughout all the rest of the ceremony, appeared lost in zealous devotion to Heaven.—Yet, no sooner was it finished, than his thoughts descended to this world.—He embraced his bride with all the transport of the fondest, happiest bridegroom, and in raptures called her by the endearing name of “wife.”

“But still, my Lord,” cried Sandford, “you are only married by your own church and conscience, not by your wife’s, or by the law of the land; and let me advise you not to defer that marriage long, lest in the time you disagree, and she should refuse to become your legal spouse.”

“I think there is danger,” returned
Lord

Lord Elmwood, “and therefore our second marriage must take place to-morrow.”

To this the ladies objected, and Sandford was to fix their second wedding-day, as he had done their first.—He, after consideration, gave them four days.

Miss Woodley then recollected (for every one else had forgot it) that the carriage was still at the door to convey Lord Elmwood far away.—It was of course dismissed—and one of those great incidents of delight which Miss Milner that morning tasted, was to look out of the window, and see this very carriage drive from the door unoccupied.

Never was there a more rapid change
from

from despair to happiness—to happiness perfect and supreme — than was that, which Miss Milner and Lord Elmwood experienced in one single hour.

The few days that intervened between this and their lawful marriage, were passed in the delightful care of preparing for that happy day — yet, with all its delights inferior to the first, when every unexpected joy was doubled by the once expected sorrow.

Nevertheless, on that first wedding-day, that joyful day, which restored her lost lover to her hopes again; even on that *very* day, after the sacred ceremony was over, Miss Milner — (with all the fears, the tremors, the superstition of her sex) — felt an excruciating shock; when, looking on the ring Lord Elmwood had
put

put upon her finger, in haste, when he married her, she perceived it was a — mourning ring.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





